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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

A wise man's day is worth a fool's life.—*Arabic.*

A contented spirit is the sweetness of existence.—*Dickens.*

It is not what we intend, but what we do, that makes us useful.

Happiness is a roadside flower growing on the highways of usefulness.

It is a good thing to be able to let go the less for the sake of the greater.

The greatest loss of time that I know of is, to count the hours.—*Rabelais.*

Men say of women what they please; women do with men what pleases them.

But we will take our tolls
Upon us nobly. Strength is born
In the deep silence of long-suffering
Hearts; not amidst joy.
—*Mrs. Hemans.*

Carry the radiance of your soul in your face; let the world have the benefit of it.—*Fox*

I ask you to look for the sunlight the Lord sends into your days.—*Hope Campbell.*

The moral cement is virtue. It unites and preserves, while vice separates and destroys.

It is well. God's ways are always right; and love is o'er them all, though far above our sight.

Only in the loves we have for others than ourselves, can we truly live or die.—*Phillips Brooks.*

How to preserve the just balance of thrift and enterprise is a problem for each one of us to solve.—*Gladstone.*

One of the greatest causes of trouble in this world is the habit people have of talking faster than they think.

As oysters are swallowed when they are opened, so is the frank man taken in when he tells his plans to rogues.

New religions are to be judged, not so much by the men who make them, as by the men they make.—*Joseph Cook.*

We little dream of the conflict
Fought in each human soul,
And earth knows not of her heroes
Upon God's Honor Roll.
—*Elen E. Rexford.*

Health is contagious, as well as disease; courage, as well as cowardice; generosity, as well as meanness; nobleness of action and of nature, as well as jealousy and malice.

It is the lonely load
That crushed out the life and light of heaven!
But, borne with Him, the soul restored, forgiven,
Sings out through all the days
Her joy and God's high praise.
—*Marianne Farmingham.*

Happiness is like manna. It is to be gathered in grains and enjoyed every day; it will not keep; it cannot be accumulated; nor need we go out of ourselves nor into remote places to gather it, since it is rained down from heaven at our very doors, or rather within them.

Written Especially for the GOLDEN GATE.

Onesimus Toole;

OR, FROM SHADOW TO SUNSHINE.

A Psychological Romance by W. J. Colville.

CHAPTER VIII.—A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

"They told me many wonderful tales,
Of how the angels came to earth
Came, as on wings of living flame,
To quicken nobler thoughts to birth.
I could not understand the thread
Of their discourse, until I saw
Before my very eyes the proof
Of that divine mysterious law.
Why should I harbor any doubt,
Or wherefore should I suffer dread;
Why is it not enough for me
To be by such wise counsel led?"
—*Alfred Moncreiff.*

The narration of the vision had led Mr. Toole into one of those strange reveries of his, which though of every rare occurrence, had from his early childhood largely shaped the current of his life. How often when a boy had he been the subject of strange expressions, which he dared not to relate to his austere parents after they had sent him several nights in succession lunchless to school and supperless to bed, for having told them his visions. As often happens with children of reserved temperament who can learn to take either an outward or an inward interest in life as occasion commands, the youthful Onesimus finding his spiritual experiences distasteful to his relatives, who attributed them to the devil, insanity or disease according to their moods or the peculiar temper of their different thoughts, soon learned to agree with his surroundings and refused all invitation from the unseen to carve out a special environment for himself. Neither profound nor superficial in his conclusions, he simply addressed himself to his tasks with a feeling that if God called him to the work of the ministry, he would qualify him in some special manner for the work.

Mrs. Margaret Lesbia Toole, mother of Onesimus, became a widow when her boy was only seven years old. His father, the Rev. Aaron Edwards Toole, had been pastor of the Saddlerock Baptist Church for nineteen years; his wife had married him three years before the birth of their only son. After the good minister had resisted for nine years all the efforts of match-making mothers and aspiring farmers' daughters to induce him to enter the matrimonial estate, Lesbia Mintscheller had visited Saddlerock one summer with an invalid mother who died while on a visit to the place. Immediately after the funeral Mr. Toole discovered her penniless condition and her utter inability to sustain herself when left entirely to her own resources, but did not realize how devotedly he loved her, until one day after he had undertaken to provide for her support in the family of one of his old and valued parishioners who had known him from babyhood, with such delicacy that poor heart-broken Lesbia Mintscheller thought God had indeed sent good Samaritans to her in the persons of Deacon and Mrs. Haggai Ezekiel Macpherson-Smith, he found her weeping over her Bible, tears in which resignation, sorrow, regret, faith and hope were all blended like the hues of the rainbow.

Mrs. Macpherson-Smith touched him lightly on the shoulder, whispering, "Onesimus, my lad, there is the wife heaven has sent you, as God sent Rebekah to Jacob, only it won't be fourteen years, no, nor seven either before you can make the parsonage what it ought to be."

The good man was then just thirty-four years of age and though still in early manhood had become settled in bachelor habits. His elder sister a firm maiden lady, by name Sophronia Angelica Toole, kept house for him and never touched his papers or thought of entering his library without his special permission. His ways were all regulated with mathematical precision, and from the straight-line of this uncompromising rigidity no deviation was ever permitted. One can imagine how such a person who had positively shunned marriage, and inclined to take a view of the celibacy of the clergy most uncommon among evangelical Protestants, would start at such words from the lips of the

staid old deaconess, who was about as unworldly an old soul as one would be likely to meet in a journey around the world. With characteristic terseness and brevity, he said, "God's will be done," if the Lord has sent me to her; or, rather directed her to me, it is not for his dust to question his decree.

The Rev. Aaron Edwards Toole always alluded to himself as God's dust, it was a constant and very favorite expression of his in the long prayer at every public service. The congregation would have felt as though some familiar and beloved portion of a much prized liturgy had been omitted had they not heard the phrase, "bless thy dust," which always came after a list of petitions for all sorts and conditions of people. Mr. Toole put himself last and styled himself dust in all sincerity, for he was really a very self-abnegating man, and when his old friend told him God had ordained that he should marry Lesbia; his first thought was genuinely one of complete surrender to whatever might be the inscrutable purpose of the Almighty; his second emotion was however of a very different nature. The love which had slumbered but could never be distinguished asserted itself with all the intense fervor on account of its long repression, and when Lesbia rose from her absorbed self-contained attitude, and turned round to greet the minister with watery eyes, which tried to smile; his pressure of her hand was not the same as it had been before, she felt the change in his touch and he acknowledged the involuntary, almost unconscious response of her soul to his. The proposal was soon made, and a mutual declaration of affection was speedily followed by a very quiet marriage.

Mrs. Toole took up her abode as mistress of the parsonage, to the surprise of every one, it is true; but so quietly and naturally, that even the most voracious gossips found very little to talk about. Mrs. Toole was soon universally respected and beloved, she was her husband's companion and helpmate in all things. A very quiet, subdued minister's wife, and whom no one dared to approach with scandal, one of whom some stood in fear, not on account of her imposing manner or commanding voice, for she was gentleness personified; but by reason of the perfectly frank gaze of her modest, grey eyes, which seemed to see through imposture and her inveterate hatred of gossip. She was a woman of comparatively few words; her parents had both been Baptists; she had joined a church when only seventeen, and was therefore fully prepared for the work in which she soon found herself actually engaged.

Her husband, though an excellent man and tenderly devoted to his fragile, and yet healthy wife, was of a stern temperament and could not tolerate the slightest departure from the creed of his denomination. His first and last wish for his little son was that he might be a minister, and if possible carry on the work in the very place where he himself was then laboring.

When Onesimus was about six, his father's health began to fail, hereditary pneumonia, doctors and anxious friends pronounced it; his voice became feeble and uncertain. A minister from a neighboring village often assisted him in his duties, until at length he resigned most reluctantly, amid the tears and prayers of the people who never knew how much they valued him until they felt he was to be taken from them.

Two months after, sea air having failed to recruit his wasted energies, he passed from the body triumphant in faith, singing in a weak, quivering voice, "Rock of Ages," as the spirit severed its connexion with its broken earthly tenement. His last act had been to call the little Onesimus to his side, and blessing him fervently, prayed that God might incline his heart to the work of the ministry and direct his steps to the pastorate of the Saddlerock Baptist Church. After her husband's death, Mrs. Toole never fully recovered herself, she was always plaintive, but very useful in the district. Though the succeeding pastor, the Rev. Martindale Fischer-Bennett was a married man with a very energetic wife; they were always good to Mrs. Toole; and the two families concluded to live together for economy's and company's sake.

As Onesimus grew up, he found himself more under the tutelage of the Fischer-Bennetts than under the influence of his mother; they directed his studies and mapped out his career; his mother acquiesced in her usual quiet way, but whether

she fully endorsed all their opinions, her son never knew. The Fischer-Bennetts left Saddlerock when Onesimus Toole was ordained, and they were not sorry to do so, as they departed for a larger and more lucrative field of effort. Mr. Toole had lived with his now aging mother since his settlement over his father's church, and it was of her he chiefly thought when the impending changes in his course of action came most forcibly to his mind.

Living as he did in New York, in an atmosphere highly charged with what might be called a developing influence, the seer-ship which his father most sternly rebuked and punished, and his mother had attributed to pitifully poor health in his early childhood, now began to reassert itself with more than its original vigor, the reminiscences of childhood's experiences which before had been faint latent recollections of past obscurities, now returned with a vividness he could never have supposed them capable of manifesting, and now when these remembrances crowded about him, he called to mind some singular episodes in his mother's history, convincing him that she also was a dreamer of dreams and beholder of visions, but had refrained from all mention of such things from fear of offending her husband during his lifetime, and afterwards from an over sensitive regard for his memory. She was a woman who could never bring herself to feel that marriage was only until death, and her son had sometimes felt, though he was scarcely willing to admit the thought even in the privacy of his own chamber, that perhaps his father was much nearer to his mother, and even capable of impressing her with his wishes than their fixed beliefs permitted them to suppose.

But after all, however much may be said about churchly antagonism to spirit communion, Christian literature of the most pronounced type abounds with incidents in the lives of foremost Christian advocates proving how deep seated and widespread is a belief in communion with "people from another world," even among those who are usually supposed to be quite strenuous in their opposition to such a doctrine.

The day after Mrs. Macmoony's narrative had been told so earnestly by herself, and Mr. Toole was pondering in solitude over some of his own experiences, the thought occurred to him to look among the books in Dr. Maxwell's library for such volumes as might help him to ascertain the views of some distinguished authors on the subject. Among others he came across the following:

"The year just passed, like all other years, has taken from a thousand circles the sainted, the just and the beloved; there are spots in a thousand graveyards which have become this year dearer than all the living world; but in the loneliness of sorrow how cheering to think that our lost ones are not wholly gone from us! They still may move about in our homes, shedding around them an atmosphere of purity and peace, promptings of good and reproofs of evil; we are compassed about with a cloud of witnesses, whose hearts throb in sympathy with every effort and struggle, and who thrill with joy at every success."

"How should this thought check and rebuke every worldly feeling and unworthy purpose, and enshrine us, in the midst of a forgetful and unspiritual world, with an atmosphere of heavenly peace! They have overcome, have risen, are crowned, glorified; but still they remain to us, our assistants, our comforts; and in every hour of darkness their voice speaks to us: 'So we grieved, so we struggled, so we fainting, so we doubted; but we have overcome, we have obtained, we have seen and found all true; and in our own heaven behold the certainty of thy own.'"
—HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

"I believe there are angels of light, spirits of the blessed, ministers of God. There have been times in which, I declare to you, heaven was more real than earth; in which my children that were gone spoke more plainly to me than my children that were with me; in which the blessed estate of the just man in heaven seemed more real and near to me than the estate of any just man upon earth. These are experiences that link one with another and higher life."
—HENRY W. BEECHER.

As he continued reading and pondering over these beautiful words, culled from the rich, ripe experience of two remarkably noble and useful lives, a strange sense of reverie stole over him, out of the deep-

ening gloom which seemed to encircle him, shutting out constantly ever more and more of the surrounding scenery a form appeared so closely resembling his father as to make him start, yet carrying with it a delightful feeling of ineffable repose. Whether he was sleeping, dozing or wide awake, Mr. Toole could not tell, he was certain, however, that some gentle pressure of the hand accompanied by the accents of a clear, deep voice, impressed these words on his brain, as though they had been traced in letters of living fire:

"My son, let not any doubt disturb you in your religious trust; you are now to see far more clearly than I saw when on earth; the old doctrines must be freshly interpreted; the Bible is a mine containing precious ore, but it is the hidden meaning not the superficial import you must seek, and with the kernel of the fruit, not any longer with its outer rind, can you feed the people committed to your pastoral care. I was, as you know, a strict adherent to the literal forms when I occupied the place which now you fill, the people then were not prepared for what they are ready to receive now; do not shrink from announcing your uttermost conviction, it is yours to thaw the ice around the hearts of many, to break down lurking, unsuspected unbelief in the minds of many who still adhere to olden customs which they cannot reconcile with modern views of life; your place is not outside the church but in it; you must not cloak conviction, neither may you too carelessly offend the weak, as many reformers do; move cautiously but conscientiously; enlarge men's faith, do not attack it; broaden your sermons, do not attack prevailing dogmas; some little persecution awaits you, but the church will follow you, and though some trials are before you, they are not of a nature to cause any stout heart alarm. Your mother knows of what is going on in your secret mind, she has been a seeress many years, but never avowed it, out of regard for me, and I used to be very bitter against all such revelations. Thank heaven I am wiser now than then. I have seen the folly and the wrong of mental despotism, and had I my life to live over again I would never seek to cramp the limbs or tie the wings of any mind."

"You will have a letter from your mother in a day or two confirming what I say; this is the evidence I give you of my trustworthiness. I can see the future far enough ahead for this, because I can see what is done already; this day your mother is inditing you an epistle, in which she makes full confession of her experiences from girlhood; when you receive the letter you will hear from me again. Now farewell; you always have my blessing, but I give it you for old association's sake."

Mr. Toole awoke suddenly from his reverie which had lasted several hours; as he awoke, he saw the boy Zenophon, who had been an inmate of Dr. Maxwell's house since the preceding Sunday night, steal swiftly into the room and bear off a book from one of the shelves; feeling disposed to converse on the subject nearest his heart and most on his mind, with some one, he stopped the boy, saying kindly:

"Come here, Zenophon, I want to ask you something about your own life, something about those trances you go into and those visions you see. Do you suppose you could do me the favor to see something for me? I'm very anxious to get an explanation of a singular occurrence which has just impressed me deeply."

"I'm sure I don't know, sir," replied the boy. "I'll try, if you like, that is, I'll sit quite still and describe anything I see, that is, if anything is shown me; but I've always been Count Katalowynski's subject, and as I have been taken away from him, I don't know if I have any power left. I won't stay away from him long for I love him though he does beat me sometimes; he has never been as kind to me as all of you here are, but he is my master and I will obey him; whenever he summons me I shall return to him. If he comes here and wants to take me away, I will go with him wherever he chooses."

No sooner had Zenophon thus testified his love for this mysterious Count who had so singular a hold over him, than a loud double knock and furious ringing of the door-bell startled the household to their feet. Count Katalowynski, handsomer and prouder than ever to all appearance, entered the study with a supercilious nod to Mr. Toole and a "so you are here, Zenophon, I thought they hadn't devoured
(Continued on Fifth Page.)

W. J. Colville's Easter Discourse.

[CONCLUDED.]

We often hear people say: "I believe, and yet I doubt." "I sometimes have my doubts," is a very common expression; belief is not enough; it is unsatisfactory: "I believe in God; I believe in immortality; I believe in spirit communion," these are inadequate phrases; they are stamped unmistakably with insufficiency. You have no doubt often heard revivalists talk about "finding Christ," and has it not often struck you how much more satisfactory it must be to find Christ than simply to believe in Christ? Creeds are never enough to content the spirit; "Credo," "I believe," must be set aside for "Scio," "I know," ere the spirit can enter into rest.

Now evidences to sense are inadequate from the very nature of the case. We can think beyond sense; we know how delusive and illusive outward appearances frequently are; we know how often we are forced to admit the truth of Longfellow's assertion: "Things are not what they seem." Sunrise and sunset, the fixity and repose of the earth, the existence of a firmament and of a horizon, are all apparent, but unreal. What we discern with our senses we often discern untruly, and yet when such meditations as these lead us to the brink of a most pathetic infidelity we are at once comforted as we reflect upon the errors arising from the false judgments of sense being all errors of limitation—not one of them an error of exaggeration. How small the sun appears to be—how large it really is; how little the stars look, and yet how great they are; there is always a transcendent, overarching reality, whose immensity appalls us by its very majesty when we think there is only some little world which we can measure with our one-foot rule. Of one thing we are as certain as of our own existence, and that is, the infinite superiority of life to everybody's opinions of it. Is life worth living? Yes, and a million times more worth living than the happiest, wisest and most hopeful person can ever imagine it to be. Is love immortal? Are our affections deathless? Yes, and a million times more blessedly so than it hath entered into the human heart to receive; we must lose the shadow to grasp the substance, and let us beware lest in our too great eagerness to grasp to shadow we do not imitate the folly of the dog in the fable who lost his good, wholesome piece of meat through falling fanatically in love with its shadow in the water. Do not let us prize our outward blessings so highly that in the idolatry of sense we blunt those only perceptions which can unlock for us the treasures of the immortal world.

Jesus makes himself known to Mary by a word; he speaks to hear, and though she does not recognize his outward appearance, she feels intuitively that it is really he. She answers him at once. Intuition is beyond reason; where reason fails, there intuition comes to the rescue; intuition is the all-embracing sense of spirit—the fount whence all the senses of the body flow; how often do we err, and that grievously, because we turn away from intuition to follow the uncertain light of reason; what we call reason is the lower reason—intuition is the higher reason, it is angelic, divine reason. Our intuition tells us more than our intellects can discover, with all their searchings. Intuition detects love, truth, in a word everything immortal; it sees through shams as easily as men look through glass; it reveals truth at once; it knows, it speaks with the authority of knowledge, and when we hear it we are convinced. The intuitive faculty is necessary for the true discernment of spirits; ordinary clairvoyance may see a form, and describe it, but it takes intuition to know whether that form is an honest representation of a reality behind it, or only a mask invented to cover up deception. You cannot deceive a truly intuitive person; lies are of no avail; misrepresentations are seen through at a glance; this gift alone enables us to be absolutely sure of truth—this alone enables us to know ourselves immortal.

In the far Orient, where introspection is a daily habit among the natives, this inner faculty asserts itself far more than in the Western world, for the reason that earnest efforts are always rewarded, and every power is brought out by the endeavor to exercise it. If people were only less material, less gross, less bound up in the trivialities of material routine—if they would but devote some portion of their time and energy to acknowledging the spiritual side of their nature, such an outburst of heavenly music, such a revelation of spiritual truth, would be the result that there would be no more work for Psychic Research Societies to do; men would individually fathom the problem which these blundering, would-be scientists are vainly endeavoring to solve.

Many of the more advanced among liberal religious teachers of the present are taking the ground that the important side of the doctrine of the resurrection of Jesus is that side which leaves controversy of a historical nature altogether, and declares the satisfactoriness of a spiritual conviction borne in upon the minds of the disciples, that their master was truly alive and could make his presence felt among them. No matter whether he did or did not appear to them spiritually; they were then convinced of human immortality, and no longer indulged the hope of a material kingdom, but transferred their anticipations to realms beyond the skies and to the spiritual triumphs of truth on earth among men.

Now let us see how this interpretation

will work with reference to the daily difficulties and sorrows of this present world? Here is a bereaved mother wringing her hands in uncontrollable sorrow; she has lost her only darling child; she cannot lay hold upon the truth of immortality; she fears her darling may have perished. Night after night she sighs and moans, making the midnight air groan with her lamentations; neither science nor religion can give her any comfort; she cannot obtain any relief from the sympathy of friends; neither the Bible nor any other book can help her; she is on the verge of insanity through despair. One night she dreams a delightful dream; she sees her child bending over her; she hears his voice, she is convinced he is with her; and although it is only a dream, it is an angel's visit. When she awakes, her load has gone; she is a new woman; henceforth she looks to her hours of rest with the pleasing expectation of another such experience; even if another never comes, one has been enough to convince her of the continued life of her beloved, and if she is not to see him again on earth she knows that death will restore him to her arms. There is the balm of Gilead, there is the true physician for the mind; it is enough for her to feel she knows; other people may dispute her, even pronounce her demented; what matters that to her? She cannot but pity them. She has had evidence of her darling's resurrection. But in using the word resurrection, let us be careful that we do not misapply it. Thomas Lake Harris in one of his poems says, "Death is the wondrous second birth, the unveiling of the soul." Such a statement cannot be accepted unqualifiedly. Swedenborg speaks of man's resurrection in a spiritual body immediately after the material form is left behind. Clairvoyants have often watched the spiritual (or as Theosophists would term it, the astral) body emerge from the physical at the time of earthly disease.

The Apostle Paul and Swedenborg both speak of man as having two bodies, one material, the other spiritual. Swedenborg says the spiritual body is enclosed in the material during man's earthly lifetime, but is liberated at the moment of death. We are not prepared to contest these views; we simply claim that there is a deeper and higher truth in the doctrine of resurrection than can be compressed within the limits of these doctrines, accurate though they may be; and no set of persons would be more willing to acknowledge this higher truth than consistent disciples both of Paul and Swedenborg, for these great teachers, separated in time by a gulf of seventeen hundred years, were alike eager to impress upon the minds of their hearers the necessity of rising to a spiritual state of absolute superiority to the allurements and limitations of sense.

Paul says: "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above." These words were not addressed to spirits divested of their material forms, but to men and women living yet in the flesh. This passage and many others prove conclusively to the impartial Bible student that the Christianity of the first century did not hang upon the dogma of the physical resurrection of Jesus, but hinged on something infinitely higher—even the resurrection of humanity to nobler heights of spiritual attainment than it had yet reached; this must be the kind of Christianity so highly eulogized by Rev. James Freeman Clarke in his most interesting and instructive work, "The Great Religions," and styled by him a pleroma or fullness of life containing elements of excellence foreign to all other religions known upon earth.

No intelligent student of the gospels can possibly fail to note how persistent Jesus was in urging his followers not to set their hopes and affections on transitory things, but to transfer them to the realities of spiritual being. Moses and Elijah, symbols of law and prophecy, were transfigured before the three most intimate followers of Jesus when he took them on to a high mountain and revealed to them the spiritual nature of his kingdom; their earthly ambitions were crushed even before his crucifixion, but that event robbed them of the last vestige of hope concerning material prosperity; he, their leader and teacher, rose from the dead and appeared to them in spirit, when they at once realized the truth of what he had so constantly pressed home to them during his sojourn with them as one of themselves. Their spiritual eyes were opened; a great sorrow, a bitter disappointment, a sore bereavement, had made them amenable to spiritual truths they could never understand before.

Are there no parallel instances in your own experiences? Have none of you ever been spiritually profited to an amazing extent by the frustration of every earthly hope and plan? Are there not many whom we meet every day who never turned their thoughts in spiritual directions till some crushing weight of sorrow fell upon them, snatching from them every earthly prop? It is indeed expedient for us to suffer if without suffering we remain callous and indifferent to the things pertaining to our immortal being. We must not be selfish, worldly, or ambitious for personal and temporal distinction, and as long as we are so, we may be sure the day is not far distant when some heavy blow will force the worldliness and conceit out of us; if the blow does not fall in this life it must inevitably in another. Now what were the words addressed by Jesus to Mary Magdalene immediately he had satisfied her of his identity? "Touch me not, but go tell my brethren I have risen," is about the ordinary version. But many of the ablest commentators have very wisely translated touch, detain or hold; detain or delay me

not, and do not endeavor to stay with me yourself enjoying my company, while the brethren are so anxious. Go and tell them that I am alive, seems to be the spirit of the sentence. Be not selfish in your joy, but as you have individually discovered a truth, one which has dried your tears and removed the sorrow from your heart, go and impart the joyful news to others.

A beautiful little book with a beautiful title has recently been advertised in the papers. It is called: "The Message of the Bluebird, Told to Me to Tell Others." This title is deeply expressive of a great and universal law or principle of spiritual being. Nothing is told to us which we should not pass on to others. If we get a revelation of truth as we get it with the assistance of some one else; and as others have been instrumental, yea, indispensable to our receiving truth, it is a duty we owe to humanity to hand that truth to some other needy hungry spirit. Selfishness is so utterly opposed to spirituality, so essentially antagonistic to the genius of true religion, that it never surprises us to mark how fossilized those people soon become who, having got hold of some spiritual truth, have been hugging it to their bosoms for five, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, even thirty or more years, never thinking of those who are pining for the bread and water of life, of which they stood so sorely in need when first the light broke in upon our minds. Selfishness is at the root of all tyranny and monopoly; it is the primal cause of anarchy, nihilism, strikes, outrages of every description; it brings about riots and rebellions everywhere; it antagonizes the welfare of humanity at every point, and is, in fact, the very devil of society. The grasping hand which is stretched out forcibly to demand even rights will not redeem and save society. Unselfishness, justice, the foundation of the city which lieth four square, of which the length and height and breadth are equal; that justice upon which an edifice of perfect love, of true philanthropy, can stand secure forever, is the only antidote to existing evils, the only panacea for all the many and grievous woes which still afflict society.

Monopoly of land and monopoly of gold may be the cause of strikes among laborers, depression of business, and panics in the money market; monopoly of education, monopoly of truth, has been and still is the fruitful parent of a thousand ills in the reputed religious world. We do not attempt to censure individuals or single out any for condemnation; we leave each to his own conscience; but do you not agree with us, when you let your better selves be heard, that when you hug a blessing to yourself and share it with no one, it dwindles instead of grows? You become no richer by your exclusiveness, but you do thereby defraud and impoverish others. It is to-day as in the time of Elijah: the poor widow who shares her barrel of meal and cruse of oil with one poorer than herself enriches him and finds her own store replenished. The more she gives the more she has to give, while those who give nothing never get anything in advance of their present acquirement. To give is to receive; to give nothing is to foster a habit, effectually barring out the light which would otherwise shine in upon us.

The great cause of dissatisfaction with the so-called upper classes of society all over the world is the prevalent feeling on the part of those in humbler circumstances that those who are in possession of a large amount of this world's goods do not care whether those who are dependent upon them live or starve, except in so far as their welfare is indispensable to the rich man's comfort. There are natural distinctions between man and man which no socialistic or communistic theories can obliterate. Some have more talents than others, some are more industrious than others, some have superior tact, a knack of getting on in the world which others lack; and though the Declaration of Independence declares all men in this country are born free and equal, it is an undeniable fact that given equal opportunities, some will progress faster than others. Now if those who reach the summit of learning and prosperity soonest were invariably bent on disseminating their superior knowledge, and sharing their happiness and prosperity with those less favored; if a spirit of kindly forbearance and lovely charity, in addition to the strict integrity or impartial justice so sorely needed in this world, were the ruling principles of their thought and conduct, there would be no room for strikes and boycotts, no occasion for revolt, as the reputed rich man would be a friend beloved by all.

We are only truly wealthy when we can only really enjoy whatever the laws of our country allow us to call our own, by sharing all we have with others. If those splendid grounds attached to many a gentleman's estate were opened to the poor and sickly who pine for fresh air and the sights and sounds of nature; if those magnificent collections of paintings and statuary and that enchanting music so common to the salons of the affluent could be divided with those who have an eye to the beautiful but cannot afford to revel in its influence, the first step would be taken to break down the growing feeling of hostility now threatening a revolution against the representatives of capital versus labor. We do not for a moment say that palliative measures will ever finally settle a question; but we do maintain that the hatred felt by one section of society for another arises out of the ineradicable conviction on the part of the poorer that the wealthy are a grasping, greedy set, totally indifferent to everybody's welfare but their own. No

arbitration is practically possible so long as such a state of feeling continues, and it will remain until some practical results are forthcoming to prove that if not always absent, it is now at least being fast outgrown.

If so much depends upon the use to which we put material things, if monopoly of land, money and all the comforts and conveniences of external life occasion so much misery and anarchy, and is so detestable a crime, what shall we say of that spiritual selfishness, that monopoly of truth, which allows a few to boast of themselves as sole possessors of the highest revelation ever given to earth, a revelation which they carefully lock away from others and seem only to appreciate because it is their exclusive property? The resurrection we must experience, if we would find the golden key which unlocks the door of the true kingdom of heaven, is a resurrection from selfishness even to the glorious heights of altruism, who says, Do all for others. The true altruistic feeling does not overlook the importance of self-culture; on the contrary, it impresses on every one the necessity of culturing self for the good of humanity. Can we teach what we do not know? Can we impart what we do not possess? Self-culture is indeed a duty, but when the truth we receive becomes to us a million times more precious because we can impart it to others, we grow in grace and in the knowledge of truth daily; and instead of drinking from a little tank all our own, from which we allow no one to take a draught of living water, we become pipes connected with an eternal reservoir, we become windows, always open, through which sunlight and air are constantly pouring in; we grow to see our souls in the light of ever-burning lamps, fed by the universal atmosphere, from which any quantity of lights may be kindled, while our flame never grows less.

If any one shall inquire, But what do you think of the literal resurrection? What became of the body not found in the tomb? What means the appearance of Jesus to Thomas in a solid, bodily form? We answer in two ways, and in so doing we speak of universal spiritual laws, and do not confine ourselves to any particular place, time or person. The triumphant spirit who can exclaim with reference to his earthly work, "It is finished," has gained sovereign sway over all material things. To him the limitations of time and sense are forever annihilated. He can improvise a body and disintegrate one as easily as you can put on and take off your clothing; he can render himself visible and again invisible to material sense. This wonderful power of spirit over matter is taught philosophically by many spiritual teachers in their dissertations on what is termed spirit-materialization. Of course spirit never becomes material, but it can so use material as its servant as to produce any desired phenomenon. Physical manifestations are as necessary for doubting Didymus to-day as they ever were eighteen hundred years ago. But the higher view of the subject is the spiritualization of mankind. When you are not dependent upon cabinets and seance-rooms and physical media for your evidences of immortality, you have graduated higher; you have learned what these phenomena can teach; and while they are needful for those in primary schools of spiritual education, they being but accommodations of spiritual truth to mortal sense, must of necessity be superseded by other proofs and demonstrations more entirely spiritual. More blessed are they who have not seen with the outward but with the inward eye, than those who depend on sensuous evidences which may be at any time withdrawn.

Let us accept with thankfulness whatever portion of truth falls to our share, and do our best to enlighten others by sharing our knowledge with those in need. Let us never descend to quibble as to the language the spirit of truth shall employ when addressing us or any one else, remembering that at Pentecost of old the convincing nature of the phenomena consisted in the fact of every man hearing in his own language the wonderful truths the spirit had to impart. God uses all means and all messengers; we must employ those most fitted to our needs individually, but never forget that our wants and those of others may be widely different. Thus the unity of the spirit is made manifest in a diversity of gifts.

THEOLOGICAL NUTS TO CRACK.—If Adam sinned without inheriting depravity, why should inborn depravity be assigned as the cause of our sins?

Why should there be any more impropriety in imputing my sins to Adam, than in imputing his sins to me?

If men are totally depraved by nature, must not children be so likewise?

If children be totally depraved, is it true that "of such is the kingdom of heaven?"

If reason be delusive, why should some folks reason against the use of reason?—Rev. A. C. Thomas.

SPIRIT ADVICE.—A lady in a foreign country had been recommended to take wine by the doctors. She is not a medium, but one day she heard a voice tell her to take no more wine, and her head would be better. This she stated in a letter to a lady friend in England, who is a writing medium. Subsequently her husband in spirit-life wrote through her hand that he had uttered the words to the lady abroad, as he was looking after her health.—Medium and Daybreak.

Conscience is the most enlightened of all philosophers.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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---OF---

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Summerland offers all the advantages for such a colony, located as it is upon the seashore, in the unequalled climate of Santa Barbara, and but five miles from that most beautiful city—a spot where the sun ever shines, overlooking the ocean, extending even to its silvered shore, with a background of mountains, which forms a shelter from the north winds, insuring what that country has the reputation of enjoying—the most equable climate in the world. It is located on the Southern Pacific Railroad, now completed between Santa Barbara and Los Angeles, and on what in the near future will be the main line of that road.

The site constitutes a part of what is known as the Ortego Rancho, owned by H. L. Williams. It faces the south and ocean, gently sloping to the latter, where as fine bathing ground exists as can be found on this Coast. A fine beach drive extends to and beyond the city of Santa Barbara. Back, and two and a half miles to the north, extends the Santa Inez range of mountains, forming a beautiful and picturesque back-ground. A most beautiful view of the mountains, islands, ocean, and along the coast, is had from all parts of the site. The soil is of the very best.

Orders for lots in Summerland may be made through the office of the GOLDEN GATE, or of H. L. WILLIAMS, Santa Barbara. Price, \$30. Orders for lots will be received and entered, and the lots selected and located by the editor of this journal, where parties cannot be present to select for themselves.

The size of single lots is 25x60 feet, or 25x120 feet for a double lot, the latter fronting on a fine wide avenue, with a narrow street in the rear. By uniting four lots—price \$120—a frontage of 50 feet by 120 feet deep is obtained, giving one a very commodious building site, with quite ample grounds for flowers, etc.

Summerland, the City of Hope.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Probably most readers of the GOLDEN GATE feel an interest in the establishment of Summerland City on a basis of prosperity. And to all such as have ever passed along the Santa Barbara line of seacoast and valley, this must be especially true. As long ago as the Autumn of 1864, the writer passed through that country in a stage-coach, bound for San Francisco from Los Angeles. This, after a three years' service in the Union Volunteer Army, in Arizona, New Mexico and Western Texas. That was before the railroad ran further south from San Francisco than the City of San Jose; and by the way, that 500 miles of staging was anything but agreeable, running day and night over hills and plains along what might more properly be called a trail than a road, most of the way.

Fortunately, we passed through the Santa Barbara and Santa Clara river country by daylight, and although I have traveled over a good deal of country on this coast, I never saw what so enchanted my vision and enthused my very soul of being as that slope "from the mountains to the sea." After scouting through the country of deserts, alkali, cacti and desolate mountain crags for years, it seemed in contrast like a glimpse of paradise. And to this day that picture of perfect beauty is impressed upon my mind as the fairest ever realized.

It will be remembered by all old Californians, that the year 1864 was one of the severest droughts ever known on this Coast; and that in consequence of no feed, nearly all the cattle perished throughout the southern counties of this State. And as live stock was almost the only resource of the ranchmen who inhabited the land, which was nearly all held in immense tracts—principally old Mexican grants—the blow fell upon them with such force as to break them up, and compel them to sell off lands to live. This was the opening wedge to a new settlement and a new civilization indeed, which has since filled that charming land with homes and people of progress. And thus, in numerous instances, social as well as individual life and history, a dire disaster has proved the greatest blessing by destroying a condition adverse to rapid development.

I then saw what must inevitably come to pass; and was so taken with the country and the promise, that I inquired the price of lands thereabouts. There was none for sale in tracts less than a grant of several leagues. Would not they sell a mile square? No, indeed. As well ask a small farmer to part with a single acre in the middle of his farm! But they would sell the whole grant at \$1 per acre, or less.

I had no money with which to buy a grant of land then, but conceived the idea and was at once possessed with the ambition to earn enough to buy a grant, colonize it, and reserve a mile square for a farm, with the design to plant an orchard and nursery. Had I, instead of trying to earn means with hard labor, gone into a scheme of enlisting others to join, with money and persons in the enterprise, undoubtedly I could have won my object with half the exertion, and that without breaking down in health and strength, as I did in the struggle.

Of course, what I tried, or failed to accomplish, has little bearing upon the subject; but it may give emphasis to my impression of that lovely and enticing country. It has since settled up gloriously without my poor assistance, and has proven to be a success even to my most sanguine of dreams. As to my ambition, perhaps the discipline received has compensated the endeavor, if not materially, even more.

Therefore, I need make no further apology for saying, I too feel a hopeful interest in Summerland; if not for myself, then from a broader and more humane feeling. But what will its people do to gain a livelihood and make the place desirable. Cities cannot be self-supporting without some business which will bring in the money paid out for supplies of all kinds.

Why not make Summerland the centre of educational advantages? Why not build up schools, conservatories and colleges where the children, youth, middle-aged and old people, can gain not only the rudiments of technical knowledge; but the arts and sciences, and philosophy, material, mental, moral, ethical and spiritual, and whatever can aid us in our onward march, as we progress humanely through earth-life towards the GOLDEN GATE of human aspiration?

Would not this call from the four corners of the globe a most desirable population? The aspiring and ambitious youth, the clear-headed man and woman of progress, the aged thinker, and profound scholar in life's learning experiences, and the gifted in all that heaven vouchsafes to man of things beyond the depths of mortal vision.

Is this too, a dream impractical of realization or a vision that must be fulfilled even as that other one, though not to be accomplished by, and possibly not to be participated in by the dreamer. But we have some boys growing towards manhood whom we hope to place where advantages may be favorable for just such an education as indicated above. Are not there many others of the same mind? And as we near the age of silvered locks, there comes over us at times in our hours of labor, a yearning for ease and rest from such works that is mandatory. Why may

not we yet hope also for such a season in the city of promise—in Summerland?

S. H. HERRING.

SANTA CRUZ MTS., April 30, 1889.

Enlightened Funerals.

[S. M. Baldwin, in National View.]

If there could be a common understanding among the millions of people in the United States who know the truth of the Apostolic plan of salvation by fruits and deeds, it is believed that this would soon entirely supersede the man-made and inharmonious system founded on opinions and creeds and make us realize that our condition hereafter will be as superior to our present state as the butterfly is superior to the caterpillar.

It is suggested that after the usual funeral services are over that the more spiritualized persons present form a circle around the casket and join hands to assist the promoted friend in demonstrating that there is no death—nothing but a change. Others in the room would aid this result by joining in a still larger circle. Then all should sing appropriate melodies for the space of five minutes, to be followed by a few moments of perfect silence. If, for the lack of proper conditions, no results are obtained, all should sing for another five minutes in order to improve the required magnetic battery.

It is believed that in most cases, if this plan were adopted, sorrowing friends would realize the truth of the sweet words of Jesus, who said, "Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted" by the good influence of the Holy Spirit. All spirits are holy who warn us to do love that we may enjoy pleasant memories when we all confer together in the higher life, and if we keep our bodies and minds pure and honest, we will attract none that are unholy. These advanced funeral occasions would greatly tend to educate all to the wonderful fact that we are never alone but surrounded by a "great cloud of witnesses" to whom every thought is apparent and every motive revealed. It would also help the clergy in teaching the practical religion that the Apostles tried to establish, and soon would bring again the pentecostal power of the Holy Ghost, as is recorded in the Acts of the Apostles to purify and elevate every family and every church in all nations.

The writer knows that on many occasions promoted friends have entranced some "sensitive" present and have spoken at their own funerals, often giving expression to sentiments of a highly satisfactory and comforting character. Many wise clergymen who perceive the moralizing and elevating efficacy of this better way of conducting funerals, which will have a great influence in improving society, are encouraging it in their various congregations. Let others follow, and soon the disgraceful spectacle that exists in some other countries which now requires a standing army to regulate the contending sects will not much longer hinder the world's true progress.

Take courage, then, O! doubting soul; For all that's great and good Will be revealed to every mind, As truth is understood.

COMING CHANGES.—An inspirational speaker thus writes: "Something tells me that there is some dissatisfaction in the spirit-world with respect to our movement, and in all probability great disturbances will be seen amongst mankind shortly; of course, entirely of a spiritual nature. There will be an outburst of some new light, which will greatly effect all knaves and shams, whilst all lovers of Truth will receive fresh inspirations.—*Medium and Daybreak.*

The attention of the passengers in a Canadian smoking-car was riveted on a strangely behaved negro. He rocked himself from side to side without ceasing. "What's the matter with you?" asked a traveller who was in the car. "Does you know Dan McGary?" "Yes." "Well, sah, he sold me a silver watch for twenty dollars," continued the negro, still swaying from side to side; "an, 'ef I stops movin' dis here way, de watch doin' go no moah."

In Switzerland seventy per cent of the young men are said to be unfitted by the use of alcohol and tobacco for the military service required by the Government, and upon examination have been rejected on account of this impairment of their physical condition.

Universal sympathy soon becomes universal apathy.—*Martyn.*

Beware of the man who is always suspicious of everybody else's motives. The chances are that he has some motives himself.

We dote upon this world as if it were never to have an end; and we neglect the next as if it were never to have a beginning.—*Fenelon.*

If you lie down the world will go out of its way to drive over you; but if you stand up and look severe it will give you half the road, at least.

The path of duty is near, yet people seek it afar off. The way is wide; it is not hard to find. Go home and seek it, and you will not lack teachers.

The power of words is immense. A well-chosen word has often sufficed to stop a flying army, to change a defeat to victory, and to save an empire.

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LIST OF SUBJECTS—SPIRITUAL SCIENCE.
April 2d.—"Statement of Being; or, The Rock upon Which We Build."
April 5th.—DENIAL. "Why and How we Deny Error."
April 9th.—AFFIRMATION. "Why and How we Affirm Truth."
April 12th.—THOUGHT. "How to Think Truly so as to Relate our Minds to Health and Harmony."
April 16th.—INTUITION. "How to Develop True Individuality."
April 19th.—"The Conscious and Unconscious Action of Mind; A Lesson on Chemicalization."
April 23d.—FAITH. "What It Is and How It Relates us to Universal Spirit."
April 26th.—HEREDITY. "What We Inherit and How we Inherit It."
April 30th.—WILL. "How to Use our Will so as to Harmonize it with the Infinite."
May 3d.—"General Rules for Treatment; or, The Truth Practically Exemplified."
May 7th.—"Treatment in Special Cases; Self Treatment and Self Protection."
May 10th.—RECAPITULATION—Formulas. "The Spoken Word Brings Things to Pass." Each lesson will be followed by answers to questions; the subject treated.
Terms for the full course \$2.50. Single admission 25 cents.
The new course in Theosophy will be held on the same evenings at 7:45 P. M.

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April 5th.—"Universal Brotherhood; The Keystone of a New Civilization."
April 9th.—"The Soul and its Human Embodiments."
April 12th.—"The Sevenfold Constitution of Man."
April 16th.—"Karma; The Law of Cause and Effect."
April 19th.—"The Life and Death of Jesus; Considered as Typical of the Soul's Perfect Conquest in Expression."
April 23d.—"The Mystical Resurrection; or, The Regenerate and Triumphant Soul."
April 25th.—"Involution and Evolution; or, How Theosophy Accounts for Creation."
April 30th.—"An Esoteric Interpretation of Spiritual Titles, Christ, Buddha, Messiah."
May 3d.—"The True Spiritual Marriage; or, The Re-united Soul."
May 7th.—"The Planetary Chain; or, The Birth and Death of Worlds."
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SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1889.

EDITORIAL FRAGMENTS.

Fence, like a mighty river, flows through the soul of him who has learned to think no ill. It is then he becomes one with the All Good, and is ready to mount, as on eagles' wings, to the infinite heights of being.

With what marvelous precision and wisdom is the machinery of the universe managed and run! In the mighty sweep around the sun of the most distant planet of our solar system, extending through years of our time, each revolution is the same in duration as every other revolution, though centuries apart, even to the fraction of a second. The same is true of all suns and systems, for all are sweeping onward in vast circles, all held and governed by the same unchanging law. In view of such inconceivable grandeur, well may the Psalmist exclaim, "What is man that Thou art mindful of him!"

How our cold-blooded competitive system of labor, with each man on a perpetual tension of ingenuity to outtrade and circumvent his neighbor, hardens our poor human nature, and dries up its springs of charity and humanity. Is it any wonder that men become indifferent to the needs of the suffering poor? Is it not, indeed, a seeming necessity, at least, that they should come to regard selfishness as a sort of negative virtue? It takes a high order of spiritual unfoldment to enable one to rise superior to environment, and to be noble and grand notwithstanding the besetting errors of our earthly conditions.

Well, what of it? What if some one has wronged you—has abused your confidence—has borne false witness against you—has robbed you of your earthly possessions? Can you not realize that the perpetrator of these unjust deeds has wronged himself far more than he has you? All that there is of the real you is the soul that expresses itself through your physical organism; and that is beyond the reach of harm. It is helmeted and casemated in an impregnable fortress of divinity, where it can "smile at the drawn dagger and defy its point." Who ever lays siege to this fortress beats his breast against the Rock of Ages, and can harm or wound no one but himself. The injury your enemy may do you can only affect you in outward and transitory things, never in the interior and real self—if you so will it.

It is not in what one really needs, but in what one thinks he needs, and cannot have, that consists the inharmonies and miseries of existence. If we could only school our spirits to be content with but little of the perishable treasures of earth, while ever seeking and aspiring for those riches of the spirit that endure forever, we should find a happiness and joy of which most of us but little dream. Man commits a terrible mistake in imagining that wealth, or fame, or worldly advantages of any kind, are essential to his true happiness. For do they not all fade away? And does not man himself, in time, come to regard them with utter indifference—that is, when the cold waves of dissolution break at his feet? There is no wealth like that of a soul rich in the graces of goodness.

Who is the successful man? Is it the one with title-deeds to vast estates, with a large rent-roll and plethoric bank account? Or is it the man who has stored his mind with useful knowledge, and brought his spirit under the dominion of wisdom, love and truth? That life is the greatest success whose possessions afford the highest degree of happiness, and endure the longest. What is the brief span of human existence as compared with eternity,—a drop of water to the ocean, an atom to the universe. Earthly possessions perish with our capacity to enjoy them; and we cannot surely enjoy them when we cease to control them; or, rather, when we pass beyond the conditions of earth wherein they alone exist. Look back over the lives of men—was Nero a more successful man than old John Brown, or William Sharon than the humblest toiler who labors faithfully to support his family and train up his children in ways of virtue and usefulness?

We are tired of that kind of religion that is perpetually worrying God with advice and coaxing him for favors. How often have we heard some wealthy and devout but stingy Christian, with his criss full of corn, praying God to "remember the poor," when the thought of remembering them himself was the last thing that would ever enter his mind. And then again, how some people are perpetually worrying about the sins of their neighbors, while their own paths are beset with duties undone. The main and first question with each child of humanity is to bring himself into harmony with the true life, and not undertake to manage the entire universe, at least not until he has had more experience. He will generally have all he can attend to to manage himself, if he does the work wisely.

"The manly art!" That is what they call it when two thick-headed, beetle-browed bruisers batter each other's faces out of all semblance of humanity! They do not seem to realize, in thus placing themselves on a level with a beast, that a sway-backed, wind-broken mule can strike a harder blow with its heels than they, its human emulators, can with their fists! Business men, with respectable associations—with loving wives and innocent children—patronize the clubs where these disgusting exhibitions are held, and pious editors publish the sickening details, thus lending their influence to fostering and upholding human beastliness! O, ye spiritual simpletons, is it thus that ye would become god-like? Or, prefer ye to demonstrate in your own natures, the truthfulness of that despairing saying of Job that "Man hath no pre-eminence over the beast?"

NOT THE OLD BODIES.

Is it not a little strange that Bible Christians cling to the idea of having their old bodies transported to heaven for eternal occupancy? Preachers and priests who interpret the Bible seem to take no account of Paul's distinction between the physical body and the spiritual body; they teach a literal resurrection, and while this is far better for one to believe than in no future life at all, the idea cannot be a pleasing one to all—for if the present body is to be perpetuated, then surely will be the defects as well as the beauties of varied humanity, as we see it here.

Now, we prefer the spiritual body that Paul recognized, and its quickened spiritual senses; and we are glad to know that physical deformities do not necessarily pertain to the spirit, that they are mainly the accidents of a material existence, and perish with the flesh. Believers in a literal resurrection, do not, to be sure, say that our imperfections are retained, but it is a logical conclusion that they should be. On the contrary, they have a conception of the glories of the spiritual life.

Rev. Father Sassia preached a true spiritual sermon at St. Joseph's Church, San Jose, recently, only that he substituted body for spirit, in dwelling upon the joys of the future life. We quote a few words:

"The wonderful deeds which men have achieved, and by which history is made glorious, are manifestations of the capabilities of humanity. The records of all philosophies, sciences and literature, show that men are continually striving after higher things than this earth can give. These faculties can be employed only by an eternity of life; and such a continual progression in knowledge and love is what is promised and assured to the true believer. What poor and paltry things, then, are the fleeting joys of earth, compared with those of heaven, which are everlasting. It is not the mind alone which shall be glorified, but the body also. The resurrected body will be capable of the highest joys. It will be able to transport itself through the universe with a rapidity greater than that of electricity. What then will be the knowledge of all the scientists of earth combined with that of him who can in the twinkling of an eye, pass from star to star, and beam forever and forever!"

From the foregoing, it will be seen, too, that the idea is gaining in all churches, that we shall have something to do in the next life besides sitting around the Throne and twanging harps. Spiritual revelations of eternal truth, given through the Spiritual Philosophy, are permeating all religions, and their leaders must express them.

NOT SO IGNORANT.—The American red man is not so ignorant of spiritual things as an "untutored savage" would naturally be supposed on first thought. But really, the child of Nature is far more familiar with the ruling of the Great Spirit than are his white brothers who worship Him beneath the gilded spires of temples and tabernacles. "Poor Lo" communicates with his departed ones also. Those "braves" grown wise in the "happy hunting grounds" of Soul-land, progressed beyond the simple understanding of their comrades of this sphere, come back and give messages to mediums of their tribes, predicting changes that are to alter the relations existing between them and the white people. Literal interpretations of these communications often create dangerous excitement among the more ignorant of the tribes, as is now the case at Walker Lake, among the Putes. One of that tribe says all the Piute warriors who have died in the last five hundred years are to return to the earth and resume their old forms. They have condemned the whites, and the Indians who write or speak their language, or adopt their customs, and will exterminate others from the earth. We doubt not there are many deceased Indians who still retain a bitter sense of their wrongs at the hands of white scoundrels, and would gladly avenge them if possible. If re-incarnation be a true thing, they may do it yet in person, on the old scene of their past miseries. But we do not imagine it would be a sanguinary conflict, but one of demonstrated equality, if not superiority of morality and spirituality.

HO! FOR SUMMERLAND

The following persons have signified their intention to join in the grand excursion to Summerland by the steamer "Santa Rosa," on Thursday, May 9th:

Hon. Wm. Bowley and wife, Australia, Wm. L. Law and wife, Oakland, Capt. and Mrs. Bushnell, San Francisco, Dr. H. E. Wright and wife, San Francisco, Mrs. O. M. Washburn, San Francisco, Miss Hattie Washburn, San Francisco, Mrs. Melissa Miller, San Francisco, Mrs. Carrie M. Robinson, Oakland, Mrs. M. Smith, San Francisco, H. C. Menomy, San Francisco, W. H. Yeaw, San Francisco, James G. Clark, San Francisco, Mrs. Egbert Aiken, San Francisco, Mrs. Emily F. Thompson, San Francisco, Wm. File and wife, Umdine, Cal., Levi S. Ephick, San Francisco, Mrs. F. M. Harrison, San Francisco, Mrs. J. E. Cotter, San Francisco, J. J. Owen, San Francisco, Mrs. Rachel Ladd, Island City, Oregon, Mrs. M. McLellan, Island City, Oregon, Jas. Rutter, Florin, Cal., Dr. J. D. Wilson and wife, San Francisco.

While the number of excursionists from this city is not as large as we would like, it is yet, at this writing, a full week before the steamer sails. There is time and room for many more names. Some, we are assured, will join us at Port Harford; others will go by smaller steamers, that touch at Santa Cruz and Monterey. In securing their tickets at these points, excursionists should take a receipt with their tickets, (paying full fare down), which will entitle them, upon our verification, to return tickets at half fare rates. There will be a large attendance at the picnic from Santa Barbara and other southern cities, and the prospect is encouraging for a grand time.

FREE LIBRARIES.

Free Libraries have always been believed to be good in all ways; but San Francisco does not support this institution nearly as well as it does many others that are known to be thoroughly bad and pernicious in every sense and effect. With its large population, and a two hundred and seventy million dollar property valuation, its Free Library ought to be supplied with liberal means for the purchase of new books; but the last appropriation does not warrant a very valuable increase of literature. One hundred dollars a month for six months is not a munificent sum. There is surely no other public purpose for which the Board of Supervisors would be better justified in increasing the tax levy than for that of the Free Library. The Free Libraries of England are likely to suffer from other causes that may be as dwarfing in their effects as a lack of money. One of her physicians sounds two alarms against them, one of which is original, to say the least. He says that the germs of disease are apt to be conveyed in books that are circulated without restriction.

There is probably some truth in this; but there is certainly no more danger from contagion in this way than is daily encountered in mingling with the vast throng in the city's streets. But this same M. D. says that free libraries work a public injury by "luring men, who have been 'working indoors all day, to pass their evenings 'indoors also, where the atmosphere is gas-heated and presumably vitiated'."

Thereby, if this M. D. be right, the founders of free libraries become slow public executioners. Is it not a little singular that the deceased supposed benefactors of this class have not discovered their mistake and given due warning to those who contemplate doing likewise?

FIRST MANIFESTATIONS OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

The first manifestations of Modern Spiritualism occurred among the Shakers of Watervliet, New York. In a letter to Dr. A. B. Weymouth of Los Angeles, Elder Evans, the venerable leader of that Order, gives the time when the manifestations first occurred, and the names of the mediums. Following is his letter:

MR. LEBANON, N. Y., March 6, 1889.
A. B. WEYMOUTH, M. D.—Esteemed Friend: I have the date when the trances and visions of youth and children commenced at Watervliet, N. Y., amongst the Shakers. It was September 24, 1837. Ann Maria Goff and Elliott Gibbs were the first mediums; they were quite young girls, but I have not their exact age. That was the beginning of seven years' spiritualistic experience in our whole Order of sixty families. Public meetings were closed because we could not control the instruments, as we termed them, and the public would have pronounced us crazy. Respectfully,
F. W. EVANS.

METAPHYSICAL COLLEGE CONCERT.—The concert given on Saturday, April 27th, was a very fine one. Mrs. Virginia Shipley and Miss Kate Lang, were the pianists both in solos and accompaniments; they shone to great advantage. Mme. Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy, the Misses Lina and Laura Crews and Misses Fusier and Wadham appeared, to the great delight of the audience, in vocal numbers. Miss Lucie Currie's amusing recitations were exquisitely rendered in her inimitable style. Mr. E. H. Whiting, the talented cornet virtuoso, was at his very best in the "Silver Stream Polka," an excellent composition which he has most successfully introduced to the music lovers of this city; Miss Lang accompanied him faultlessly. The number called forth a vociferous burst of applause, being vigorously re-demanded. W. J. Colville sang two fine ballads (with cornet obligato), and gave a very pleasing impromptu poem on subjects presented by the audience. The hall was beautifully decorated, and floral tributes were presented to all the artists, every one of whom deserves hearty thanks for his or her great kindness in giving valuable services without recompense, for the benefit of the College. The next concert will take place Saturday evening, May 25th.

DANCING.—Whenever a "religious revival" sweeps over the country, some form of amusement is made a subject of crusade. Just now in this country, it is dancing that is denounced, as though it embodied the forms of all evil. Through the

untimely seasons in which it is indulged, it has wrought much evil, we do not deny; but the time, not the dancing, is to blame. We commit social as well as gastronomic offenses, then blame the amusement or the food for the injury done. Dancing is very much like milk in its nature and effect upon one. It is the heartiest of all food, and should be taken alone as a meal, to be beneficial; but instead, it is mixed up with meat, vegetables and fruit in a single meal, and thereby becomes injurious, hence the frequent complaint of milk not agreeing with so many, when it is the natural food for all. Dancing is as natural as the harmony of nature, and it is an amusement sufficient unto itself, but it is very rarely taken alone; it is in nine cases out of ten locked on to the end of a long entertainment, and indulged when one and all should be in their beds. Dancing into the midnight and morning hours, is as great a sin as one can commit against health, for it is a wicked squandering of those life forces that should be expended in the strengthening of a useful life—this vital energy that is quite enough taxed by a day of honest toil.

NEW BOOKS.

A great book, one which in its power to stir the thinking world will sweep incomparably beyond "Robert Elsmere," as the earthquake itself instead of the premonitory trembling which heralds its approach, is "The Coming Creed of the World," by Frederick Gerhard, who, on these precepts "Prove all things."—Paul; "Truth shall make you free."—Jesus; and, "I have dared."—Ulrich Von Hutten; boldly and logically presents for acceptance, "A Faith More Sublime and Blissful than Christianity," using the term Christianity in its corrupt application to dogma, cant and fanaticism.

Mr. Gerhard bases his religion of the future on a belief in the "only one Supreme Being, called God, who rules the world, and to whom everything owes its origin," and upon a liberty founded on love, purity, truth and justice; a strict following of duty to God and to one's neighbor; and of that universal brotherhood, proceeding from a belief in, and a desire to follow the One Supreme Being, who is essentially a God of Love. No earnest, thinking seeker after the truth can fail to be deeply moved by this great work, which is not merely an expression of individual opinion, but a carefully prepared statement of FACTS, with indisputable proofs that must carry conviction to the overthrow of existing fallacies, and lead to a faith infinitely higher than any which rests upon dogma or superstition. Under the subject of "Immortality," Spiritualists may object to "An Entirely Impersonal Future Life." But to find in the 526 pages of the book only one point of exception is of itself remarkable; and the learned and venerable author has in this great work conferred an inestimable boon upon all seekers after the truth, many of whom will readily accept "The Coming Creed of the World" as here presented, and all find something to aid them in progression.

Under the general title of "Mediumship," Prof. J. G. Loveland, gives in book form his seven "Lectures," delivered at the Mount Pleasant Park Camp-meeting in August, 1888, together with a lecture on "The Perpetuity of Spiritualism," delivered at the same place. These "Lectures" are a scientific investigation into the "Possibilities," and "Disabilities" of Mediumship, with a lucid explanation of the vital and mental force, the *vis vitalis*, and its operations in connecting the conscious mind with the effect produced in the opposing realms of Mind and Matter. Prof. Loveland regards the "Mind Cure," as it is commonly called, "one of the most formidable obstacles to the progress of true Spiritualism," and condemns severely the so-called "Mind Healers" in their unfounded theories of "Disease a Myth," and "no such thing as matter." While they claim as some new gift of healing which is merely the old time method of magnetic operation. The able author closes with a strong plea for Scientific Spiritualism which he considers "at once the pedestal and apex of human progress." C. L. B.

HIS ESTATE.

Francis Joseph, the beloved Emperor of Austria, mourns the loss of a son deeply and truly, and intends to make the deceased Prince's property a public benefit. The Mayerling estate of the late Prince, so oft the scene of festivity and bacchanalian revel, is to assume a character quite the reverse of its old one. The noble Emperor, though not blind to his son's many weaknesses, loved him, and would atone for the failures of his life by whatever means that he can command, through his son's effects.

To this end, and in mournful memory of Prince Rudolph, the Emperor has purchased the above named property for solemn, charitable and penitential purposes. The main building will be converted into a Carmelite nunnery. The room in which the Crown Prince committed suicide, will be turned into a chapel. Other parts will be fitted up as an asylum for the aged and infirm residents of the district. Thus, will the scene of the Prince's tragic death be robbed of its reminders, and become a spot that the troubled spirit may seek and find repose and inspiration to a better life—for spirits as well as mortals oft need both of these conditions, and we doubt not they may as oft be found on our beautiful earth as amid the scenes of their world.

MEDIUMISTIC DEVELOPMENT.—A medium, of whom the *Medium and Daybreak*, speaks as "one of our most earnest and devoted public advocates," has this to say of public circles for mediumistic development:

"With regard to development, I may say that since I left off attending circles or sitting in them, I have developed ever so much, and have lost no magnetism like one is apt to lose at the so-called developing-circles. I believe there is more knowledge to be obtained by a quiet, thoughtful walk, or, it may be, when taking rest and feeling the companionship of the spirit guides, and exchanging thoughts, than by many circles. The spirits are there and are willing, the channel need not be made clear. When walking home in the evening alone, or when sitting quietly at home, a vast flow of language seems to come, and such a comprehension of soul, which at other times I might seek for in vain. It seems as if the spirit guides inflated the soul with power at times, to show its extension of perception, its height and depth, its comprehensiveness, and to show us poor withering mortals how great the soul is, and how closely we are allied to the Creator of all."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—H. L. Williams writes of our excursion to Summerland, "I am arranging to sleep on the 'ground at least seventy from San Francisco.'"

—All who intend to go with us on the grand excursion to Santa Barbara and Summerland, next Thursday, should secure their tickets at once.

—Our beautiful Summerland has fully recovered from the set-back it received for awhile from the misrepresentations of some envious persons who never saw the property.

—Mrs. S. Seip, of Portland, has changed her plans concerning her proposed Eastern trip, having gone no further than Denver. She has returned to Portland, where she will remain for the present.

—The Pacific Coast Steamship Company concede the same terms to excursionists to our Summerland picnic from Santa Cruz, Monterey and San Luis Obispo, as from this city—that is, full fare one way and half fare back.

—Mrs. Melissa Miller, one of our best local mediums, has removed to 1165 Mission street, where she will be glad to welcome all investigators after truth. She has secured her ticket for Summerland on the 9th, but will be absent only six days.

—We cheerfully commend to the music-loving public, C. Payon Longley's "Echoes From an Angel's Lyre," a collection of very choice spiritual music. The book contains twelve of Prof. Longley's best compositions, and is sold for \$1. It may be had at this office.

—That was an imposing spectacle, the great Centennial banquet in New York, the other night. The Presidential party stood with bowed heads while Bishop Potter said grace, and then all the guests turned in and drank \$16,000 worth of wine! What an outpouring of the spirit!

—The five months engagement with Mr. Colville ends with the present month. Those who signed an agreement to pay a certain sum per month to assist the ladies in meeting the expenses of the meetings, did so for five months only, and not continuously, as some have erroneously supposed.

—Arrangements are rapidly taking shape for our approaching State Meeting, which will be held in the Society's big tent, to be located at the corner of Van Ness avenue and Fell street, and to commence Sunday, June 9th. Excellent speakers and mediums will be present, and a most profitable season is anticipated.

—Do not forget the dime social to be given this (Saturday) evening, by the Ladies Elsmere Club, for the benefit of the Elsmere Free Kindergarten, at the residence of Mrs. Hill, 117 Leavenworth street, near Turk. A most enjoyable time is confidently expected, and at the same time a worthy philanthropic institution benefited.

—The Spiritualists Annual Meeting at Casadaga, will begin July 26th and close September 1st. The speakers announced to be present and take part, are: Mrs. R. S. Lillie, Walter Howell, Lyman C. Howe, Charles Dawbarn, J. Frank Baxter, Rev. Samuel Watson, Mrs. A. M. Gladding, J. Clegg Wright, W. C. Warner, J. J. Morse, F. O. Hyser, Jennie B. Hagan, Cora L. V. Richmond and W. J. Colville.

—The Union Spiritual Society meets every Wednesday evening, at 7:45 o'clock, at St. Andrew's Hall, 111 Larkin street. This society is in a prosperous condition. The audiences are composed of a very intelligent class of thinking people. The grand inspirational speaker and medium, Mrs. E. B. Crossette, answers questions from the audience, on every Wednesday evening. Good mediums hold circles and give a great many tests to skeptics. Good music and singing, and a pleasant evening, is guaranteed to all who attend. The price of admission is only 10 cents.

—W. J. Colville's work in the vicinity of San Francisco is still progressing very favorably. Very large gatherings convene in the Oakland Synagogue every Sunday, Monday and Thursday, at 3 P. M., and in the College, 1725 Everett street, Alameda, Monday and Thursday, at 7:45 P. M. In San Jose, class meets in Odd Fellows' Hall every Wednesday at 2:15, and in the office of the newspaper in Mountain View, the same evening at 7:45. W. J. Colville will remain in San Francisco and its neighborhood, till the end of June. He is open for Summer engagements anywhere. Address all communications to 1119 Sutter street, city.

—On Sunday last, April 28th, at Metropolitan Temple, W. J. Colville addressed an excellent audience, during the morning service, on "Rev. Heber Newton's Recent Utterances on Spiritualism." The lecture was replete with progressive thoughts of the most liberal character, and contained a high tribute to the manliness and freedom of the justly celebrated preacher, who has so bravely taken a bold and decisive stand for freedom of thought and action in all matters pertaining to religion. On Sunday next, May 5th, W. J. Colville's lecture in Metropolitan Temple, will be "Thoughts Suggested by the Centennial Celebration—100 Years Past and 100 Years to Come." All seats free. Voluntary collection.

—At Metaphysical College, 106 McAllister street, on Sunday last, April 28th, W. J. Colville lectured in the evening on "The Natural and Spiritual Body," to an audience that more than filled the hall. The classes on Tuesday and Friday morning and evening, draw very large attendances at every session, and the work is prospering most favorably. On Sunday next, May 5th, at 7:30 P. M., W. J. Colville's subject will be "Life and Times of John Bright, the Noble English Statesman." On Tuesday, May 7th, and Friday May 10th at 10 A. M., closing lectures on Spiritual Science; very important directions will be given to students and healers of a thoroughly practical nature. On the same evening at 7:45, the closing lectures in the course on Theosophy will be given. Questions invited at every session.

St. George's Hall Meeting.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Mrs. Logan's Circle of Harmony met in St. George's Hall, 909 Market street, on Sunday last, at 11 A. M. Prof. Seymour delivered the opening address on the subject of "Harmony," and endeavored to show that perfect harmony of thought would be mental and intellectual death. The ocean was preserved from putrefaction and death by the friction of its mighty waves clashing in never-ending strife. The mighty forces of nature seemed to wage eternal war with each other, often spreading desolation in their path, yet these were assurances of life, permanency, progress. The cyclone, the hurricane, the lightning's flash, the rolling thunder and the pent-up power that causes the solid earth to tremble from centre to circumference, though terrible to mortals, were signs of life. The moon was a contrast; it knew no storms, no war of waves, all was peace and harmony there, but it was the harmony of death—it was a dead world. As with the physical, so it is with the intellectual world. Intellectual harmony is intellectual death, but conflict is life, is progression.

Dr. Houbert followed by referring to a little inharmonious among mediums. Mr. Hodgkin gave timely remarks, and closed by saying that we could not even have lemonade without mixing the sour with the sweet.

Mrs. Logan said that half steps in the scale of music were essential to produce harmony. That the discordant and concordant sounds when rightly interblended, brought out sweet melodies. The audience was formed into one large circle in the evening, and after the charming music by Mrs. Rutter, the vocalist, Mrs. Higgins of New York, and Mrs. Maxwell, trance and test mediums, proceeded to give tests to all in the circle. The same mediums will be present next Sunday.

At Washington Hall.

EDITOR OF THE GOLDEN GATE:

The Independent Spiritual meeting, at Washington hall, last Sunday evening was largely attended. Questions pertaining to the subject of materialization from the audience were answered by controls of Mrs. Crossette; followed by W. H. Mills, who severely scored what he denominated shams and frauds in materialization, which had come under his observation; Mrs. Muhler with piano accompaniment, by Mrs. Katz, sang several sweet and charming solos. The instrumental duet by Messrs. Pettibone and Wolff performed on the Zither, was truly the sweetest and most spiritual in softness and harmony ever listened to—it may really be called the soul of music—they will be present next Sunday evening. Mr. Muhler got a few ticks only through the occult telegraph; it is difficult to get communications before a large audience, while in a circle of a dozen communications are easily and readily obtained. Mr. Muhler will be present next Sunday evening with his instrument. Mr. Kirkwood, a thorough operator watched the machine with the closest scrutiny, and remarked that one tick alone to him was evidence of a wonderful and mysterious power which he was unable to comprehend.

Next Sunday evening will be devoted to the consideration of the controverted question of materialization. Competent and able speakers will participate, persons giving demonstrable evidence of the truth of the phenomena. Psychological researchers, scientific and philosophical researchers after the mystery will all be allowed a hearing, and will have an equal and fair opportunity as time will permit to present their views on this important and interesting subject. No personalities that might give unpleasant feeling to believers or unbelievers will be indulged in. Prof. Holmes is expected to open the subject, and the following speakers will be announced. REPORTER.

Progressive Spiritualists.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The President being absent on account of sickness, Mr. E. G. Anderson kindly consented to act as Chairman, which he did very acceptably. After singing by the audience, Mrs. Stevens, a fine inspirational speaker, opened the meeting with an invocation, after which she (under control), delivered a very spiritual address, taking for her subject "The Truth Shall Make You Free." A solo was then given by Mrs. L. Rutter. Mr. Winchell, of Vallejo, gave some of his experiences of tests given him through the mediumship of Mrs. M. Miller. Mrs. Miller then made a thrilling speech, which was well received, as they always are when she speaks under such deep inspirations. Her earnestness inspired several mediums in the audience to come forward and let their controls speak. Mrs. Higgins, of New York, being the first, after which Mrs. Edith Nickless was controlled by E. V. Wilson, who said that the meeting reminded him of the good old times, when all could speak as the spirit moved. U. B. Thomas read a paper that he had prepared, on "Materialization," being much affected while speaking of personal matters—he could not proceed. A piano solo was given by Miss Violet Wheeler. It was a most harmonious meeting, and the audience seemed to enjoy the happy influence—if one could judge by the expressions of satisfaction after the meeting closed. MRS. S. B. WHITEHEAD, Sec'y.

Medium's Meeting.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

There was a noted increase in the attendance last Sunday afternoon in Fraternity Hall at the mediums' meeting. After singing several rousing hymns, G. F. Perkins read three poems which tended to inspire the minds of the listeners with the principles of loyalty. Mrs. Stout furnished a piano solo, Dr. Dewy sang a charming song, and Dr. Abbott followed with a somewhat lengthy speech, which stirred up the mental faculties of some present. He then followed with tests, Mrs. Perkins also giving many convincing tests, and the meeting changed movement into the forming of circles, which were joined by the many local mediums present. Dr. Dewy was conspicuous as a trance test medium.

It is expected that a rousing meeting will be held next Sunday at 2:30 o'clock, at the same hall, 909 1/2 Market street. These meetings have a plan distinctly differing from any other in the city, and there can be no interference with other gatherings. Those who desire to hear from practical mediums only, their opinions expressed upon all questions pertaining to spirit intercourse, as well as tests, can find a congenial atmosphere at this place. Skeptics are especially invited.

Fraternity Hall.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The First Progressive Spiritualists of Oakland, met last Sunday at 3 P. M., to hold their usual exercises; Mr. Shepherd presiding.

In the evening was given the Monthly entertainment, for the benefit of the Society, consisting

of songs, recitations, etc. Mrs. Cowell gave the opening invocation, followed by singing by the children of the Lyceum and Recitation, "The Age of Reason;" Recitation, "Charge of the Dragoon Brigade," by Miss Fannie Hill; Solo, "Angel Footsteps on the Floor," by Mrs. Knott; Recitation, "Beyond," by Mrs. Bigelow; Reading, "The Old Man in the Stylish Church," by Mr. Brown; Recitation, "Rumy and little Jackey Dry," by Clarence McCone; Recitation, "I Love my Papa," by Miss Ruthie Galtier; Solo, "The Fisher Maiden," by Miss Agnes Opdyke; Recitation, "Song of the Robin," by Miss Laura Demorest; afterwards Mrs. Finnigan occupied the platform in giving tests to a large audience, many of which were recognized.

Next Sunday evening Mrs. S. A. Harris will lecture, after which she will answer questions given by the audience. We invite all to come. Meetings commence at 7 P. M.

MRS. DAVIS.

The Young People's Social.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

On Saturday April 27th, the young people enjoyed a good program and social dance. The many attractions elsewhere naturally prevented a large attendance. The program, as arranged by G. F. Perkins, was somewhat broken up owing to the sickness of two or three who were expected to participate. The manager was equal to the occasion and supplied the deficiency by giving in rapid succession readings which required skillful elocutionary and imitative abilities, and kept the audience in a roar for a half hour.

Those taking active part were Prof. J. Andemard and Mrs. Stout, with a violin and piano overture; a harmonica solo and recitation by Oscar Stormfield; recitations by Miss Lizzie Fifer, Clement Ward and Miss Gertie Michner; that accommodating young lady responded to an invitation without a moment's warning. Robert Aitken also gave an excellent recitation, G. F. Perkins sang a song and closed with several humorous readings and ventriloquial illustrations.

The dancing was enjoyed by all who witnessed as well as those who indulged in that exhilarating exercise. Prof. Andemard and Mrs. Stout furnished excellent music, and the floor committee, Mr. Frank Stormfield, Miss Gertie Michner and their assistants, proved themselves amply qualified to keep everybody moving. "A first-rate time" was the verdict.

MEETING OF CAMP-MEETING BOARD.

Directors' Meeting, April 26th. Present, Messrs. Owen, Hawes, Shepard, Elliott, Yeaw and Mrs. Eggert-Aitken. Minutes of the previous meeting read and approved. Committee on Grounds reported that they had secured a lot on the corner of Van Ness avenue and Fell street, a most desirable place (accessible by nearly all lines of cars), at a rental of \$50 for the month. It was moved the report be accepted and committee discharged.

Committee on Benefit Entertainment, reported that the entertainment was held on the 23d at Metropolitan Temple, and the net gain was \$40. Report accepted. Frank Brown of Oakland, was nominated and elected to fill the vacancy in the Board occasioned by the resignation of Wm. R. Colby. On motion, the following committees were appointed: On Tent, C. E. Elliott chairman, with power to appoint assistants; on Music, Mr. Brown, Mrs. Aitken, they to appoint a third; on Decorations, Mrs. Cowell, Mrs. Wiggins and Mr. Harvey; on Entertainments and Socials, Mesdames Cowell, Aitken and Mr. Yeaw; on Police, R. B. Hall, and assistant to be appointed. It was moved and carried that Mr. Owen confer with persons interested with a view to solicit a loan of \$200 to open the Camp-Meeting, said \$200 to be a preferred loan.

Corresponding Secretary read letters from Mrs. Carrie Downer and Charles Dawbarn; action upon the same postponed until next meeting, to take place Friday, May 17th. Meeting adjourned. MRS. WHITEHEAD, Sec'y.

In Memoriam.

George Parry was born in Montgomery county, Pennsylvania, 7th month, 6th day, 1820. Passed through the gates of light to the higher life at Oakland, California, 4th month, 6th day, 1889.

Born and reared in the Society of Friends, he not only inherited, but accepted the pure and gentle principles that have always been peculiar to that sect. His ancestors, nine Parry brothers, emigrated from Caernarfonshire, Wales, and came with William Penn to America, settling at Philadelphia, Pa. In 1849, the subject of this short memorial came a pioneer to California.

After experiencing for several years the varied vicissitudes of those early and exciting times, especially of a miner's life, he was appointed Computing Clerk in the U. S. Mint at San Francisco, which position he held for twenty-five years, faithfully and conscientiously discharging his duty with honor to himself and acceptably to the government. With him, "work was worship." Three years and a half ago he was stricken with paralysis; from that time onward, with brave heart and unflinching steps trod that way which mortals, in their blindness, call the "valley and shadow of death." No shadow crossed his path.

He beheld the everlasting gate, a little, little way, it opened; there fell out a thread of light, and he saw winged wonders move within; and he heard sweet talking as they meant To comfort him. They said, "Who comes to-night Shall one day certainly an entrance win."

His life was an angel visit from the beginning to the end. All who knew him loved him, as having taught them through his beautiful life what humanity may be.

Reared as he was in Quaker element, he recognized in the silence of his soul the voice of the Infinite, and as his pure, noble nature unfolded and expanded, he also held converse with ministering spirits. To him spirit communion was no belief, it was a knowledge, which united the two worlds and made them one. "Life and immortality was brought to light."

He was a zealous friend of universal freedom. Before the emancipation of the colored race from slavery, he aided and assisted many poor fugitives to escape from bondage. His was a large humanity stirred by every claim of wrong or sorrow. His words and deeds were kind and gentle, full of loving sympathy that made his life a benediction, a charm, and a blessing to all who came within its influence. His philanthropy and charity unfailing, always ready for the needs of great or small; and which, like the tent of Prince Ahmed, could include a nation, or shelter one poor trembling head.

Few have entered spirit life with so full a record. And when the change came, it was less to him than to almost any man who has passed through this earthly life, so completely has he filled his life with love and goodness. For the last few years he studied carefully all the advanced thoughts and movements of the age; among them became interested in that of cremation, and came to the conclusion it was the only scientific and sanitary method to dispose of mortal remains. According to his expressed wish he was taken to Los Angeles and cremated. As he said, "Purified by fire, the grave would have no victory."

"Fallen are life's golden sands, But the freed spirit is risen." M. P. P.

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. WINGLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for all disorders arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Onesimus Toole; or, from Shadow to Sunshine.

Continued from First Page.

you yet; how do you like your new quarters, little apostate," to the boy who stood cowering and abashed before his imperial commander, a mingled expression of love and fear giving to his mobile features a singularly touching expression.

Zenophon humbly kissed Count Katalowynski's beautiful large white hand, and curling himself up at his feet in his old attitude of adoring submission, looked up into his merciless green eyes as an enraptured admirer of the sea might gaze into the emerald depths of old Neptune. Divining, as it seemed, Mr. Toole's position, the Count remarked quite good humoredly and condescendingly:

"Well, the servants say we are alone together in the house, let's try a little experiment. Zenophon, tell this gentleman what he has seen and heard this afternoon before I came here and whilst you were asleep on the couch in Dr. Maxwell's room."

"Excuse my interruption," broke in Mr. Toole, "but am I to understand that that you, Count Katalowynski, have the power to see what is going on in this house when you are not in it?"

"Oh! that's nothing," answered the Count lightly, "that's a mere bagatelle to what I can do in the way of seeing at a distance, isn't it, Zennie?" (addressing the boy and pulling his ear as one might toy with a lap dog).

"Indeed it is, *Maestro mio*, I don't forget the day when you saved Lady Karbunkle's little Flossie by sending a messenger in a cab driven like fury, to let her know a fire had broken out in the nursery where the child was taking a siesta alone one afternoon, while the nurse maid was entertaining a life guardsman in the house-keeper's room. Oh, Mr. Toole, if you only knew how great, and good, and noble my master is, you would kneel to him and supplicate his blessing as I kneel now."

Completely under the old mesmeric spell, the boy knelt before the Count and vowed eternal fidelity to him with tears and protestations of unspeakable devotion. To Mr. Toole this seemed very singular after the circumstance of the preceding Sunday night, but he had not learned what comparatively few have learned, that when once a powerful mesmeric operator has won the love of a subject, that subject will return to his allegiance of his own free will, no matter what supernal influence may step in to protect a child or person from unholy spells, as the divine order is such that angels never coerce man; so long as affection is centered on any object, so long it would be disorderly for the highest archangel to snatch away the heart from its idol; celestial influx ever operates to create a basis of higher affection, and as love for superior objects develops in the heart, the lower affections dwindle down as they become subject to loftier attractions. Azoriel was weaning the boy from Count Katalowynski only by creating in him, and that in a liesurely and orderly manner, a supreme affection for truth and good, so that eventually all personal influences would lose their hold; but while this process is going on in any nature, the old affections hold sway but with ever lessening power and with ever decreasing danger.

Returning to our narrative after this explanatory digression, we find Zenophon standing before Mr. Toole, a far-away expression in his deep brown lustrous eyes, describing his father to him accurately, entering into every detail of his career, and then ending up with a minute recital of everything he had seen and heard that very afternoon during his instructive trance. The boy proceeded then to argue the matter philosophically, answering all mental questions one by one, and giving to all of them such lucid and satisfactory replies, that Mr. Toole was fairly astounded and more deeply convinced than ever that the mysterious agent at work was no mere halucination of his own brain nor a galvanized shell, a floating wraith, which some people who try to appear wise over such endeavor to make explain what can be much more reasonably accounted for in a much simpler and far more natural manner. In reply to a mental inquiry, "Was it not my own mind that suggested my father's image to me, and did not my memory clothe the phantom of my imagination with his guise, and make it utter words which might have come from him as a spirit?"

The following answer was given through the deeply entranced boy who had by this time passed completely beyond his master's mesmeric sway, and was in direct communion with an exalted sphere of spiritual intelligence:

"How can it be possible that your unassisted thought should attribute to your farther sentiments directly opposed to all you had ever associated with him, were you not at the very time when he appeared to you, thinking how very different were the views of Beecher and his sister from those of your father, and when your thoughts reverted to your mother, did you not dread the effect your broader views of life might have on her, by reason of her intense devotion to every tenet of her husband's creed? No, you never evolved out of your own reasoning the genuine revelation which so surprised and so delighted you; you are yet awaiting one more proof; you have been told your mother has but just finished a letter to you; I will now tell you word for word the contents of the letter you will receive from

Continued on Eighth Page.

The Young People's Meeting.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The usual interesting program was carried out at Fraternity Hall on Sunday evening. Recitations and songs were given by the young folks. Professor Perkins gave a few character readings, and tests at the same time, which were recognized by each one. Dr. Abbott gave pointed remarks upon the lines that should be drawn between true and false manifestations. The gentleman made some startling statements in regard to slate writing, promising to demonstrate upon next Sunday evening the differences; he bitterly denounced all fraudulent practices, and advocated the truth and that only. Mrs. Perkins gave the usual convincing tests, and Dr. Mansfield answered a sealed letter by writing, which was correct even to minuteness. It was a grand exhibition of true spirit manifestations. An interesting program is expected next Sunday.

NOTICE.

The Leavenworth County Association of Spiritualists will hold their Semi Annual Camp-meeting on the 18th and 19th of May, at New Era Hall, one and a half mile southeast of Fairmount, Kansas, one-half mile from East Fairmount, on the A. T. and S. F. R. R., and a half mile from Wallala on the K. C. W. and N. W. R. R. Conveyances in attendance at all trains. Good accommodation in the way of board and lodging will be furnished parties coming from a distance, at one dollar per day. Good mediums and speakers will be in attendance. All (especially skeptics) are cordially invited. For further information address

MARY R. HUTCHINSON,
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NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM will meet every Sunday at 10:30 A. M., in Fraternity Hall, Pythian Castle Building, Nos. 99 1/2 and 101 1/2 Market street, between Fifth and Sixth. The hall is commodious and well arranged for this purpose. Strangers and all those interested are respectfully invited to attend.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet every Sunday at 2 P. M., Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. All are invited. Admission, 10 cts. The Library and Reading Room of this Society is located at 34 Market street, "Carrier Dove" office, and is open every week day from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

METAPHYSICAL COLLEGE, 108 McALLISTER Street—W. J. Colville lectures every Sunday, at 7:30 P. M., and conducts classes for thoroughly practical instruction in Spiritual Science, Tuesdays and Fridays, at 10 A. M. Lectures and conversations on Theosophy, Tuesdays and Fridays, at 7:45 P. M.

UNION SPIRITUAL SOCIETY MEETS EVERY Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 111, Larkin street. Mrs. E. B. Crossette, the Inspirational Speaker, and Mrs. Ladd Finnegan and Mrs. E. Perkins, will give tests at every meeting. Admission, 10 cts. All invited.

OPEN MEETINGS OF THE GOLDEN GATE Lodge of the Theosophical Society, are held on the second and fourth Sundays of each month, at 105 McAllister street, at 1:30. Earnest inquirers cordially invited. COUNCIL G. G. OF THE T. S.

SPIRITUAL CIRCLE OF HARMONY IN ST. George's Hall, 909 Market street, between Fifth and Sixth streets, Sundays, at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Every body invited. Perfect liberty for all to participate. Mrs. F. A. Logan, presiding. Admittance, 10 cts.

LECTURE TESTS AND SPIRITUAL HEALING, by Mrs. Edith E. R. and Dr. J. R. Nickless of New York, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 111 Larkin street, every Sunday evening, until further notice, commencing March 3d, at 7:45 o'clock. All are invited; seats free.

W. J. COLVILLE LECTURES EVERY SUNDAY in Metropolitan Temple. Services commence precisely at 10:45 A. M. Organist, Prof. Eckman; soprano, Mme. Marie Bishop. Everybody invited.

CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM MEETS every Sunday at Fraternity Hall, corner of Seventh and Peralta streets. Get off at Center street station. Strangers and friends always welcome.

THE PEOPLE'S SPIRITUAL MEETING IS HELD every Sunday evening, at 7:30 o'clock, in Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. Speaking and platform tests by the best mediums at every meeting.

FIRST PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION of Oakland, meets every Sunday at Fraternity Hall, corner of Seventh and Peralta streets. Meetings at 3 and 7:30 P. M.

OPEN MEETING—ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, November 11th, at 2 o'clock, a Bible Class will be held at the Home College, 324 Seventeenth street. All will be welcome.

MRS. J. R. WILSON'S CLASSES IN SPIRITUAL Science, at 105 McAllister street, on Monday and Thursday, at 2 P. M.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

To those who may be disposed to contribute by will to the spread of the gospel of Spiritualism through the GOLDEN GATE, the following form of bequest is suggested:

"I give and bequeath to the GOLDEN GATE Printing and Publishing Company, of San Francisco, incorporated November 28, 1885, in trust, for the uses and dissemination of the cause of Spiritualism, ——— dollars."

PHOTOGRAPHS of Madame Blavatsky with autograph, are now on sale, the proceeds to be given to Theosophical work. Price, \$1.50; mounted, \$2.00. Send orders to Countess Wachtmeister, 17 Landsdown Road, Holland Park, London, W. England. mar16-2m

Theosophical Society Meetings.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Recognizing a growing interest on the part of the general public in Theosophical Questions, there will be held open meetings at 106 McAllister street, in this city, on the 2nd and 4th Sundays of each month at 1:30 P. M., under the auspices of the Golden Gate Lodge of the Theosophical Society, to which all earnest inquirers are cordially invited.

The objects of the Society are:

1st. To form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or color.

2nd. To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern Literature, religions and sciences.

3rd. To investigate unexplained Laws of Nature and the psychical powers of man.

For the attainment of these objects these meetings will be held by the Theosophical Society for the dissemination of Theosophical knowledge, and especially in the interest of earnest searchers after those vital and essential truths pertaining to life past, present and future, the knowledge and assimilation of which are, from a Theosophic standpoint, deemed necessary for the true happiness, greatest progress and largest development of which man is capable.

"There is no religion higher than Truth," is the motto of the Theosophical Society; and it is the aim of all true Theosophists to attain to Truth in all its aspects and phases, not only for their own highest good, but that they may thus become best fitted to impart these Truths to others.

There is no attempt on the part of Theosophists to disturb those who are satisfied with their present belief, whatever that belief may be; or, to antagonize the adherents of any creed, dogma or ism, for it holds that those who are satisfied with their present faith, are assimilating that which is best for them at this particular stage of their experience, and that when they have grown to broader and more comprehensive Truths, that they will then be, naturally attracted to that which their inner and higher nature requires. While maintaining this attitude toward all beliefs exterior to itself, and sympathizing with every effort of man, collective and individual, looking to the growth and development of his higher nature, Theosophy advances the claim that, those who, having tested the various schemes of Religion, Schools of Thought and Systems of Philosophy with dissatisfying results, realizing that for them, at least, one or all of them have proved insufficient to meet the cravings and yearnings of their higher nature; that, to those thus dissatisfied, floating aimlessly about on the eddying currents of life without anchor, compass, sail or rudder, Theosophy offers knowledge of certain high and vital principles which will enable the earnest and honest searcher to locate himself with regard to his present existence on this planet, his origin and his possible goal. To this class it is said, study Theosophy; investigate it; let your most powerful and scrutinizing light shine full upon its alleged Truths and determine, for your selves, whether or not they are not all that is claimed for them. If, after comprehensive and rigid, but honest and fair, scrutiny and examination of its principles, you discover any error, untruth or fallacy, make it public to the light of day, that it may share the common fate of all that is untrue, *oblivion*. The true Theosophist is a searcher after Truths, not falsehoods; facts, not shadows, and he who shows him the error of his belief and points out the falsity of his thought and action; or the insufficiency of Theosophic Truths to meet all the requirements and demands of life, is, verily, his true friend.

Believing that one Truth underlies all beliefs and philosophies, and that all religious systems owe their existence to this one Truth, of which they in their external manifestation are exponents; and that all men choose for themselves that particular school which holds for them the phase of Truth best suited to their present needs and conditions, it is apparent that all argument or discussion had with a view of proselyting and securing converts to any special belief is wrong, because that procedure savors of coercion and interference with perfect individual freedom and choice of action; therefore, is strict toleration practiced by true Theosophists toward all whomsoever in the exercise of that which pertains to spiritual matters, arrogating to themselves the same right and privilege. A simple holding up of the Light is all that is attempted; it is the province of others to perceive and take that portion to themselves which they can naturally assimilate. Theosophy would emphasize and call attention to that element of Truth which is the foundation of all systems of belief, with a view of having the individual adherents of those systems endeavor to live up to the Truths therein contained, rather than substitute or change what is already partially known and accepted, for a different phase of the said one Truth, simply for the sake of change. Special attention of students of Theosophy is directed to Oriental Literature, the claim being advanced that the Sages of old were not only adepts in much which is to the Western world new, but, also, that in that Literature is recorded much, which if assimilated, will solve many of the physical, intellectual, psychic and spiritual problems of the present. To the men of old, many of the secrets of nature were well-known and enrolled, authentic records of which have been preserved and transmitted to the present in

many an old-timed tome. Much of this literature is accessible and is becoming each day more wide-spread and generally known.

Theosophy is not an ephemeral and shallow philosophy—the creation of a day—but the consolidated and refined wisdom of the ages, and requires for its proper conception and understanding close application and deep study. Those interested, are invited to take it up. Theosophists are always ready and willing to cheerfully assist those who are earnest enough to help themselves. But, he who would study it for a less high aim than truth for his own sake, that truth best fitted for his own and others greatest good and truest progress, will be disappointed, and had better let it alone until he feels the need of it in his own life.

The object of Theosophy is to increase the amount of human health, goodness, knowledge, wisdom and happiness. The fellows of the society pledge themselves to endeavor to live a life of temperance, truth, purity, fraternal love and self-control. The leading feature of the Theosophical Society is the realization of the idea of Universal Brotherhood, which culminates in love and charity. Its policy is the practice of the Golden Rule. In fundamentals, Unity. In non-essentials, full liberty. In all things, charity.

Theosophy teaches something to do, to act, to evolve, to create, and not merely to contemplate, to receive, to gather, to affirm. It offers no easy road to knowledge, but only the opportunity to strive against appetites and passions; to bear patiently wrongs and tribulations; to sacrifice; to persevere for the attainment of wisdom.

The Theosophical Society was not formed to gratify individual aspirations, and he who finds not in his own heart the spark of sympathy to unite him in a bond of intellectual Brotherhood for the good of all Humanity, with his Brothers, had better not join it at all.

No one will be admitted to fellowship who is actuated by motives of idle curiosity, or who is lacking in mental energy and intelligence, or wanting in stability of character and mental reserve.

The attainment of occult power and knowledge is a matter which concerns the individual himself; as a Society, we have nothing to do with it; we are not a school of occultism where one may learn how to separate his astral from his visible body, or other similar powers.

Our purpose is to teach man his own nature, mission and destiny, and to assist him to unfold the God within himself. "True Theosophy is everything that aids or elevates mankind, and our chief object is not so much to gratify individual aspirations as to serve our fellow-men."

COUNCIL OF THE GOLDEN GATE LODGE OF THE T. S.
SAN FRANCISCO, April 22, 1889.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Splints.

BY ELIA L. MERRIAM.

Mount heavenward!

Spiritual Progression is the only ladder to Spiritual Perfection!

The sooner you begin its ascent, the sooner its glorious summit is reached.

But remember, if you skip the primary rungs, you will surely have to step squarely upon them later.

When once fairly started, carefully avoid missteps and backsteps, thus hastening the coveted heaven!

It is better not to look backward, nor downward to consider past roughness nor fatigue, but keep your spiritual eye upon the illuminated goal.

Help a weary struggling brother along as you go and thus help yourself. Mind deeds react.

If you make the proper ascent, beautiful blossoms, luxuriant foliage, aromatic shrubs and vines, celestial melodies, ever varying scenes and harmonious sounds will greet you in delightful profusion.

This ladder is the gateway of heaven! Point it out, dear ones, to earth's troubled, bewildered spirits. Poor souls, they, groping vainly after dark, narrow and mysterious passages to this blissful abode of peace and rest. "This is the way. Walk ye in it!"

April 22, 1889.

PUBLIC CIRCLES, says a correspondent, generally become a sort of laughing-stock for catch-penny people, and seem to do but little good, spiritually. We would observe that all candidates for the circle should go through a long course of preliminary instruction and preparation, to fit them for that position. Or, let every one find phenomena for themselves: it is this indiscriminate hawking of mediumship about, and dragging it down to the level of unprepared minds, that destroys our mediums and degrades our cause. Do not cast pearls before swine; lest they turn and rend you.—*Medium and Day-break.*

"Pawtucket!" shouted a brakeman on the New England railroad. An old lady from the West glanced about inquiringly; but when the same silver-tongued automaton, after some hours, opened the door and bawled, "Nantucket!" she stared at him until he banged it shut, when she turned to a fellow-passenger with the remark: "It's mor'n likely he tuck it himself and then lied about it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

OUR QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

FIRST QUESTION.—Please explain what you mean by "feeling giving quality to our treatments?"

SECOND QUESTION.—Also put in as plain a way as you can your understanding of the law of Karma?

THIRD QUESTION.—Am I to lose my identity through this law, and the process of re-incarnation?

K. T., LOS ANGELES.

Either one of these questions would, if fully answered, require more space than I can ask. Another thing, my understanding of these important subjects may not be correct; nevertheless, I will do what I can for you, hoping you will read up these matters so as to come to some conclusion in regard to them yourself.

First, if you were to raise your arm to do a kind act, the force or power which moves your arm would not differ in the least from the force or power which would enable you to strike a murderous blow. Your feeling would not be the force, but would give quality to the force, to the first the quality of love; to the second the quality of hate or passion. If you go to the telegraph office you may send a kind or unkind message using the same medium for their transmission. These illustrations are material, still they serve to make the meaning plain. One's thought if definitely and positively directed, is a force which takes on the quality of his feelings, and consequently becomes a factor for good or evil.

If a person develops the potential will in his nature and uses the decreeing power of his soul for selfish purposes, he gives that quality to a force that might otherwise become a factor for good. In giving treatments one uses thought no matter from what plane of consciousness he treats; if he is habitually irritable, selfish, or uncharitable he will give that quality to his treatments, as surely as when we put salt into pure water we give it the quality of saltiness; on the other hand if unselfishness, charity, or love is his natural tendency he will radiate that quality. To develop these powers would not necessarily make one a beneficent force; such development may simply give a person with evil tendencies more power to work harm to himself and others, consequently in teaching a person how to direct thought definitely he should be made to understand that any abuse of the power would surely react on himself as a destructive force.

The Law of Karma is so far-reaching that a full grasp of the subject requires one to become Karmaless. For the present purpose I may say that it is the law of cause and effect reaching from one incarnation into another, or else acting quickly in one life. We cannot separate our Karma from the world's, for the reason that either good or evil acts must necessarily effect others, so that we become related to the whole more or less. While the dominant note in one's life is the key that through the law of attraction takes him into a condition in the next birth where he can work out that tendency. Re-incarnation is only the working of this law, in which, if one understands the principle he will see the expression of love and justice. If we see a person who is seemingly living a good, honest, human life, but one to whom trials of every kind seem to come naturally, we may reasonably conclude such a one has in his past life set to work the forces that he is living out in this. If we see another who, while everything seems to combine to bless him, living unselfishly, working to bless others, we may prophesy a peaceful life in the next birth; but if with blessings scattered thickly around him he is selfish and forgetful of the comfort of others, we may be sure the law of Karma will bring sorrow in his next earth-life.

This law is a force ever active, so that one must reap what he sows, even though it takes incarnations to work it out. We are constantly making both good and bad Karma, so that our lives are checked accordingly. One who, forgetting self, works for humanity, makes good Karma, if he thus works without looking for, or thinking of the results to himself, he is living the life of all others which will relate him to good in the future; he as naturally finds the good as that water seeks its level.

If you mean by loss of identity the merging of individual consciousness in the All so as to become again as though you had not expressed, I must say I do not see how it could be possible; to me it seems as though every incarnation brings more and more individuality. We become distinct in the universal, but less and less separate in consciousness, until "I and the Father are one."

The time must come to all of us when we shall look back over these many lives as we now look back over this life to our childhood; then we shall see each life an upward growth, and that every one did for the soul the work required. If humanity comes to recognize the fact of re-incarnation, and live accordingly, the world will move toward perfection much more rapidly than it does now; even as a mere belief, it cannot harm one with the knowledge of the power of thought, an understanding of the law of Karma, and a firm conviction of the fact of repeated embodiments; humanity will move on the powers of darkness, and declare light; truth in place of error; knowledge in place of ignorance; health, peace and joy in place of sickness, inharmony and sorrow.

SARAH A. HARRIS, F. T. S.

BERKELEY, Cal.

We must be as courteous to a man as we are to a picture, which we are willing to give the advantage of a good light.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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The Human Will.

BY HENRY D. CHANDLER.

How slightly we comprehend the power and office of the human will. The human will is the force or power in the human organic structure, by and through the operation of which, everything attained or achieved by mankind in the past, has been outwrought and perfected, and all that will be achieved by them in the infinite future that awaits us, will be achieved through the action of its power. The element or power in the human organization termed imagination, is the element through the activity of which all things take form or shape in the ideal realm of human consciousness. There is no achievement of the ages past or present age but what had its origin, its birth, in the much-abused realm of imagination. In this realm the mechanic first builds the massive engines that Leviathan like, skim the surface of the mighty deep, traverse continents, climb mountain heights, and carry with them the immense wealth and commerce of nations. The fairy palaces that are the temporary homes of thousands of travelers, had their origin in the imaginative realm, ere they were builded or transferred into the realistic world, by the skill and hand of the artisan, to become necessary adjuncts of this age of luxury and grandeur.

The achievements of the artists who, with skillful fingers portray upon canvas the beauties of wonderland by delicate shades of light and color, and the musician's inspiring combination of musical sounds, producing a world of harmony in accord with the demands of souls born within the sphere of rhythmic melody and song, are all conceived in this magical realm of imagination, ere they find an outward expression in the physical world. Everything that has been achieved by the skill of mechanics, of artists, of musicians, every achievement in every department of human life, in all ages and among all people, have been conceived, gestated and formulated in the imaginary realm of human consciousness, before being given material form or expression in the physical world.

The human will is the force or power that has all to do with projecting all things born in the imaginary realm, into outward or visible form or expression. An artist may dream of beauties far surpassing any effort of man ever portrayed upon canvas; his idealistic fancies may carry him into realms of beauty and symmetry unrivaled; the imaginative force of the mechanic may reveal to him greater achievements than have ever been outwrought through the skill of the artisan; the musician may idealize the rhythmic melodies of the celestial spheres, but without the effect of the will power to work out these problems and present them to the world in a visible or tangible form; a form so tangible as to be seen and heard, handled, utilized and adapted to the needs of man, they must forever lie buried in the womb of time. The world would never be any wiser or better for their conception and formulation in the imaginative or idealistic realm of the human soul. Mankind would to-day be in ignorance of the laws of mechanism and the achievements attained through a knowledge of them; they would have remained in ignorance of the laws of color and harmony that govern this world of ours; if the power or force of the human will had not impelled the outward expression and presentation of the idealistic fancies, quickened into life in the womb of the imaginative realm of being.

The action of these forces of human life is governed by an intelligence above and beyond them, that is capable of presenting tangible evidences of the ideas formulated in the imagination. When speaking of the imaginative force existing in the human organization, we do not mean to imply that this force or power has an independent existence, or that it works independent of the mentalities or the intelligence co-existent in all human consciousness.

In the realm of realism, or the physical realm, we live, move, and have our being. Many never seem to enter the idealistic realm of thought, but like the lower order of animals, seek only to gratify the demands of life upon a material plane. As the measure of intelligence possessed by each human soul governs their acts, they do not realize any higher motive for their life work than the gratification of the demands of their physical natures. Not so with those who have an inherent tendency to enter into the idealistic or imaginative realm. They are never quite satisfied with what is before them, but ever seek the unfathomed and unexplored realms of creative munificence.

The fairy queen, imagination, carries them far above this physical plane of life, where they find in the idealistic realm greater perfection, beauty and symmetry in all the achievements of art, science and mechanism. The tendency to formulate ideas in the imaginative sphere of existence, bears our thoughts like the winged seeds of the golden dandelion or butterfly upon the electrical chords of infinity, out into the great storehouse of nature where they bathe in the limpid streams of the idealistic, whose crystal waters reflect brighter evidences of creative wisdom and power. These evidences in all their perfection and beauty are imprinted upon the sensitive brain of the dreamer, with a power that enables him to see in a tangible

presentation thereof, a something that can be utilized and adapted to the need of his fellow-men. The will power behind the throne, holding in abeyance the forces underlying these imaginative fancies, pushes and plans until the skill of the artisan is called into requisition.

Soon the idealistic fancies stand before him, real and tangible presentations, as perfected evidences of his imaginative powers. Thus, mind controls matter through the combined action of the mental forces, with the indomitable will and mechanical acumen of the one seeking to reflect the ideal fancies formulated, gestated and born through the action of the imaginative forces of being.

We have many instances on record of artisans who have dreamed out, (as they suppose) a wonderful invention or discovery. The fairy queen imagination, has woven her silvery garments about them, formulating in her realm the ideas they think they have received from dreamland, during the hours, when all other faculties of their being were in a quiescent state, and all other brain action held in abeyance by her magic wand. These formulated ideas are strongly impressed upon the attention of the dreamer, during their waking hours by the realistic value placed upon them through the forces that gave them birth. The will power comes to the front, takes up the refrain, and by its incessant beating against the prison bars of thought, they at last take upon themselves a tangible solidity. They present to the dreamer real and undeniable facts, conceived and gestated in the imaginative realm, formulated in the idealistic, and born into the realistic through the power of the human will. This power holds in its grasp the key that unlocks the storehouse of infinity, wherein lie hidden the treasures that enrich the civilization of the present age in all portions of the habitable globe.

Yea more, it holds within its grasp the key that unlocks the door of the great infinite future, and bears us away from this physical plane into the unexplored and unfathomed realms of thought, and reveals to our consciousness, the beauties of a fairer land than this. It spreads at our feet the delectable feasts of intellectual and spiritual attainments that fill our beings with a realization that even while we remain the inhabitants of this physical world we can have a foretaste of the celestial cities that are builded in the spiritual realms. Through the activity of the imaginative forces and the will power, inherent in our organic structures and wakened into activity by the subtle laws of the spirit within, we are enabled to wrest from the bounteous behests of nature, her wonderful forces, harness them and utilize and adapt them to the demands that are constantly being made upon her storehouse. Through the action of these forces we have measured the stars, computed their distances from the earth, have ascertained their orbits, have calculated the rapidity with which they move through space, and can tell with positive certainty the exact time when they will occupy certain positions in the firmament. It seems as though a positive contact of the forces existent in our spiritual beings, and those forces that guide and govern the planetary system; that control the shining stars in the heavens above us, has been formed, and that they can hold converse with each other, through the action of the fairy queen, imagination, and the force and power of the human will that holds in subjection to its decrees, every element in our organization, whether in the physical or spiritual realm of human consciousness, or whether in the intellectual or moral realm. The human will is the controlling Genii that governs and guides every act of our lives. It holds in abeyance every element in the conscious sentient world, and acts as umpire at every feast. It sits in judgment over every act, motive and desire of every human soul, without its imperious mandates; can even imagination picture, the contrast of the present, with what the world would be could the action of this force or power be suspended for a day, yea, for the space of an hour. What would be the result?

Contemplate it, ye who can. All action, all motion, all thought utterly suspended. In all the earth the stillness and silence of death would fall upon all physical life. Not a bird would plume its flight from tree to tree, or fill the air with its sweet melody. Not an insect would measure its length; or a worm crawl upon the bosom of mother earth. Not an animal would seek for food or gambol on the green. Not a man, woman or child would move a muscle. Is the imagination vivid enough to picture such a palsied condition of all the physical expressions of human, animal, bird and insect life in this realm of infinite activity? Men would forget their passions in the dread of such a paralyzation of all things; and all hearts would be chilled into a mockery of the Creator of the Universe. All the earth would be covered as with the pall of death.

The world would become void, soulless, lifeless; a deathless inanition would pervade all things. Nothing would stir within Old Ocean's silent depths. Ships sailorless would lay rotting on the sea. All thoughts would be combinations of disjointed, disconnected things, and fancy would revel in untrammelled freedom, until the seeming death of all living things would be, not seeming but real. This picture would show to all that, the creative power of this great universe, has relegated to his creation not one element but what is blotted out of existence, if destroyed or its action nullified or stultified would mar and disorganize the infinite plan of creative munificence.

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science. The creative force or power has so divinely interwoven and interblended together all expressions of its omnipotence into one grand chain of universal harmony and infinite allegiance one to the other that not a link can be broken, or an element or an atom severed from the illimitable whole without the destruction of all things in the universe. Infinity embraces all things, and to take from the whole, or destroy a single atom would destroy infinity.

The electric chord that binds all things together cannot be touched at any point without that touch being felt at every other point, as well as at the immediate point of contact, and although we often condemn what is unseemly to us; yet all things are divine necessities in making up the cosmogony of the great whole, and one of the most sublime factors in the great body of factors that make up the great whole. The most important factor through the imperious mandates of which, all achievements in the arts and sciences, in mechanism and in the intellectual, moral and spiritual realms of human consciousness, is and has ever been the human will.

A Mind-Reading Seance.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

You may state, without hesitation, that the most remarkable mind-reading seance ever given in America, took place here last night, in the presence of, and with the county officials of this county,—Sheriff, Judge, Clerk, and seven of the most prominent men in the county, whose statement is given below.

The seance was a private one, given to these several gentlemen, who were selected by the Sheriff, and brought to our rooms last night, about seven o'clock to test this phenomena. Eight experiments were given all of which were perfectly successful. Several of the gentlemen had most carefully selected objects about town, before coming to the seance, and none of the things hidden, were nearer than two blocks away, and some of them five or six, yet every object was found with the greatest dispatch by the mind-readers, and in most of the experiments the mind-readers walked five or six steps ahead of the subject without anything connecting the two, and thus leading the way, went direct to the object hidden.

This is indeed mind-reading extraordinary. For a verification of the above statement, any of the gentlemen whose names are below, may be referred to. At Gilroy successful experiments were made of the same kind, and in the same manner, the mind-readers walking several steps ahead of the subjects, and without connection. Reference: E. Holloway, Superintendent of the Gas Works, George Dunlap, Real Estate Agent. The phenomena manifest in the Hofstad Brothers annihilates materialism.

PAUL A. SMITH.

HOLLISTER, April 23, 1889.

Having witnessed the remarkable phenomenon known as "Mind-Reading," as manifest in the Hofstad Brothers, we pronounce it to be without collusion or the shadow of deception of any kind, and we cordially commend them to our fellow citizens of Hollister and elsewhere.

James F. Breen, County Judge; S. E. Kent, Sheriff; R. Shaw, Clerk; J. G. Hamelly; W. B. Winn, Editor *Free Lance*; Robert Shaw, Deputy County Clerk; R. P. Lathrop, T. L. Baldwin.

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(From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

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I send you some of the most wonderful whisky that ever drove the skeleton from a feast or painted landscapes in the brain of man. It is the mingled souls of wheat and corn. In it you will find the sunshine and shadow that chased each other over the billowy fields, the breath of June, the carol of the lark, the dews of night, the wealth of Summer and Autumn's rich content—all golden with imprisoned light. Drink it, and you will hear the voice of men and maidens singing the "Harvest Home," mingled with the laughter of children. Drink it, and you will feel within your blood the star-led dawns, the dreamy, tawny dusks of many perfect days. For forty years this liquid joy has been within the happy staves of oak, longing to touch the lips of man.

A PROHIBITIONIST'S.

I send you some of the most wonderful whisky that ever filled with snakes the boots of man or painted the towns in cardinal red. It is the mingled souls of corn and strychnine. In it you will find the moonshine that made the marshal chase the shadows over western hills; the breath of flame, the whistle of police, the hoodlum wagon, and thirty days in prison for thinking you could fight. Drink it, and you will hear the voices of comrades singing, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," mingled with the laughter of the boys. Drink it and you will feel within your head a sense of swelling—the boony bliss of many high old speers. For sixty days this liquid fire has been within the meek and mild-eyed demijohn, longing to scorch the throat of man.

"We live in an ocean of forces, the lower fringes of which may be called heaven. Miracles on earth is nature in heaven. This universe is more than one story high."—*Andover Review*.

A New Hypnotic Phenomenon.

(Continued.)

M. Liegeois contributes to a recent number of the *Revue de l'Hypnotisme*, an article describing a hypnotic phenomenon in the field of a "negative hallucination." This term describes a state in which the suggestion that a certain person, a certain object in the field of vision, remains unseen, has been obeyed. The state is explained as an annihilation of the perception as it reaches consciousness. The impression is received, but ignored. Having a third party to suggest to one of his subjects that he will be invisible to her, it is found that she does not hear him, see him or even feel the prick of a pin when he holds the pin, reacting normally to all other persons. If, however, M. Liegeois calls out impersonally, "Camille feels thirsty; Camille will take a glass of water," she hears and obeys the command; if similarly told to stand at his side, she does so, and so on for every sense. While she does not hear him, she none the less really can hear him. There is a sort of dual personality, one-half of which obeys the negative suggestion, while the other is automatically regulated and obeys any suggestion not directly in conflict with a previous one. The further development of this study promises interesting results.

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(Writes for the Golden Gate.)

The Angel's Quest.

BY STANLEY FITZPATRICK.

As twilight fell—a mantle of brown—
Gliding down on a beam of light
An angel came from his home above
To wander o'er earth these hours of night.

"O earth, thou art fair," the angel said,
"Even now with all its imperfections;
Love for thy children my steps have led
Through lowly halls of my passing feet."

"Tonight will I write on my tablets here
The names of those whose reward is mine,
The children of earth who labor o'er
For that which is noble, best and pure."

"Into each heart will I breathe my quest,
Then glide like a silver star-beam by,
And each shall reveal what he loves best
Thou words or smiles—a tear or a sigh."

So first he walked o'er a forest hall—
There was joy and mirth with dance and song,
Garlands and banners waved on the wall—
The angel smiled but turned not long.

Alone in his chamber, dim and high,
A student lifted his weary head—
He saw but a shadow flitting by—
"Naught is of worth but learning," he said.

A miser, gaunt and wrinkled and old,
Sat guarding his wealth from thieves and rust;
He mused: "There's naught like my shining gold;
The angel whispered: 'tis yellow dust.'"

A maiden stood in her secret tower,
The gift of beauty, she cried, "is mine;
None ever could claim a richer dower"
The angel sighed: "It is not divine."

He glided thro' palace, hall and hall—
Each clutched to his own weakness or might—
The angel wept as he passed them all—
"Is there no name," he said, "I can write?"

A mother sat in her swaying chair
And held her sleeping babe to her breast;
"My own," she murmured, "thou art most fair—
Of all on earth thou art purest, best!"

The angel passed with a glad surprise—
"I shall have a name—just one alone,"—
A shade crept over his beaming eyes—
"She loves because the babe is her own."

A teacher sat in her lonely room
And thought of those to her guidance given;
"O would," she cried in the deepening gloom,
"I could lead them all to the gates of heaven!"

"My heart goes out to the children dear
That are wandering up and down the earth
To be reared in guile and shame and fear,
Thou they are jewels of priceless worth."

Then the teacher bowed her head and wept,
For her life was filled with toil and care,
But the angel came, while at dawn she slept,
And wrote her name on his tablets fair.

(Writes for the Golden Gate.)

Mountains and foothills.

BY EDWARD S. COLEMAN.

Developed human nature is greater than nationality;
Nor can aught creed be large enough to take in infinite wisdom.

Men of high thought the world over are harmoniously minded;
Worship the self-same God, or ideas of it material;
Honor Virtue and Truth, and their many attendants bear,
Oft.

'Tis only the somewhat warped who harp on their creed or their nation;
As if the Beneficent showed prejudice toward temples and places!

God's Channel.

Like the deep channel of a mighty river,
God made the heart of man, a glorious source,
Through which he means his bounties to deliver;
Wealth, love, or learning, to speed on their course
To all this suffering world. He who retains
The riches of his purse, or soul, or brain

For his own use, defies God's grand endeavor,
And chokes with weeds of pride and selfishness
And rank, vile growths, the bedway of that river,
Whose stagnant waters—meant to heal and bless—
Grow poisonous in their turbid overflow,
And breed disease, and countless crimes and woes.

Is thy life crowned by knowledge or affection?
Hast thou been prospered in a worldly way?
Is thy heart's channel gaze with close inspection?
See if foul weeds fill up its course to-day.
Or do its wholesome waters run forth free,
So men may drink and share thy joy with thee?

—ELLA WHEELER WILSON.

Courage.

Because I hold it sinful to despond,
And will not let the bitterness of life
Blind me with burning tears, but look beyond
Its tumult and its strife!

Because I lift my head above the mist,
Where the sun shines and the broad breezes blow,
By every ray and every rain drop kissed
That God's love doth bestow,

Think you I find no bitterness at all,
No burden to be borne, like Christian's pack?
Think you there are no ready tears to fall
Because I keep them back?

Why should I hug life's life with cold reserve,
To curse myself and all who love me? Nay!
A thousand times more good than I deserve
God gives me every day.

And in each one of these rebellious tears,
Kept bravely back, He makes a rainbow shine.
Grateful I take His slightest gift; no fears
Nor any doubts are mine.

Dark skies must clear, and when the clouds are past,
One golden day redeems a weary year.
Patient I listen, sure that sweet at last
Will sound His voice of cheer.

Then vex me not with chiding. Let me be,
I must be glad and grateful to the end,
I grieve you not your cold and darkness; me
The powers of light befriended.

—ELLA WHEELER WILSON, in "Washington Star."

Do Thou Thy Will.

Do Thou Thy will with me!
I am convinced that Thy mysterious ways
Lead ever to the goals of peace. I see
In looking back o'er discontented days
When I rebelled at paths Thou led'st me in—
I see how for my good it has all been.

Do Thou Thy will.

Do Thou Thy will. I find
That when I wept because some barrier stood
Between me and my longings, I was blind;
For Thou hadst placed it there for my own good;
And when in chosen paths I could not go,
It was to guard me from some needless woe.

Do Thou Thy will.

Do Thou Thy will. I feel
The calm of realism toward which my feet are led,
Across my fevered, restless spirit's sea;
The blind rebellion of my heart is dead,
On in the valley or on the heights above
The hand that leads me is the hand of love.

Do Thou Thy will.

—ELLA WHEELER WILSON, in "N. Y. Independent."

Onesimus Toole; or, from Shadow to Sunshine.

Continued from Fifth Page.

her the day after to-morrow by the early post." Zenophon here paused for a moment or so, and stood fixing his gaze earnestly on something no one else could see; he then read as from an unseen manuscript held suspended in the air, the following message:

"MY DEAR AND ONLY SON.—It is not often I approach you on a subject with regard to which our opinions may be different, but of late I have had most singular and vivid dreams of your father. I cannot feel that they are no more than dreams; he visits me night after night and holds long conversations with me, and oh, my dearest Onesimus, you must not be shocked when I tell you he argues with me on theology just as he used to, taking up difficult texts, throwing light upon them by comparing them with others and then winding up with a short homily in which he clenches his argument and brings home a lesson. I cannot be deluded, why should I be, I have been a faithful wife to him and mother to you, according to my lights, and the scripture even when it speaks most harshly, never says God sends delusion or allows it to come to those who are striving to walk in His way. Oh, how I wish you could enter into my feelings and share my experience, for my husband tells me in these visions you are seeking light so earnestly but are as yet bewildered over many things, and cannot plainly see the way; it is simple when one finds it, it is indeed plain enough for the simplest wayfaring man to walk in without stumbling.

"You will call me a Spiritualist and say I am getting crazy perhaps, but even for your sake, I could not pretend to deny, neither could I cloak the convictions which are daily adding to my joy in this world and my hope for the next. The minister at Pinchington is delivering a course of lectures on "Demonology," and as our church is closed, a number of our people go over there to hear Mr. Mewie, whom many think a fine preacher; but he grates on me, and I have been going occasionally to the little Catholic church at Shore Hill, and often for long, solitary rambles among the hills. You will find me changed when you return home; I have lost much of my reserve and I have developed an insatiable desire for visiting sick people; they all welcome me with the brightest of smiles; the priest at St. Catherine's tells me I should make an excellent sister of charity, and wants me to enter the Convent of Our Lady of Perpetual Help opposite his church; he is a good, self-denying man, but completely wrapped in a mantle of creed. I tell him I am no longer a Baptist, but I can never be a Romanist. I must let God speak to me as He will, just in His own way, through all the voices of nature and through His children who have risen higher. I like the quiet, earnest work of the sisters but I cannot join an order; I shall never be acceptable again as a teacher in a strictly orthodox Sunday-school, and I cannot disguise my convictions; if you are as orthodox as you were when you return, I shall be quite silent if it hurts you to hear me speak, but if, as I trust and feel assured, the same change will come over you which has come over me, we shall work together not to depopulate the churches, but to infuse new life into the service of God, and to reach some portion of the great unchurched mass which can never be reached by the old methods.

"Write to me at once, or at least, as soon as you can after receiving this, and be quite candid with me, don't try to spare my feelings if you think I am misguided, but an intuition tells me this letter will be welcome rather than distasteful to you in your present mood. Remember me kindly to the family of your host, and give him my thanks for his kindness to you.

"As ever, your devoted mother,

LESLIE TOOLE.

"SADDLEROCK, Vt., July 30, 1887."

After this marvelous display of clairvoyance (or at all events what was wonderful clairvoyance should the day after the morrow confirm it.) Zenophon awoke suddenly, rubbed his eyes, resumed his former posture at Count Katalowynski's feet, and when questioned as to his marvelous gift, declared he knew nothing whatever about anything that was given through him. After a few minutes conversation Dr. Maxwell and the ladies returned from an afternoon drive. They were all quietly courteous to the Count, and he was invited to remain to dinner, though no one seemed pleased to see him.

A most extraordinary incident took place that night. The Count refused the invitation to dinner, and said, it was his intention to give Zenophon an evening's amusement, they would dine at Delmonico's, and then visit the Madison Square Theatre, where that screaming farce, "The Private Secretary," was being performed. After the theatre they should take ices and return to the Hotel Meurice, where the Count had just engaged a splendid suite of rooms on the grand etage.

Dr. Maxwell said, "Zenophon, remember your home is here, I shall expect you to-morrow, if you accept your friend's invitation to-night. I do not forbid your going with him, perhaps I have no right to use so strong a word, I however disapprove if it, but act as you please."

Count Katalowynski bridled up at these words and said, "the boy belongs to me, and I shall hold him. What, if you do want him for some mercenary schemes of your's, I only let him remain with you the

past three days to test his loyalty to me. Say what you will, do what you will, he is mine always. The farce on Sunday night was one of your contrivances, it was well acted; but it takes more than that to scare a man of my nerve, so you had better reserve your private theatricals for more glib and appreciative spectators."

With this insolent speech, the Count departed, the boy following him like a dog, not however without casting a grateful look on the inmates of the library, which said as plainly as glances can speak: I am not leaving you for good, it is not good-bye, I can assure you. When the Count and his follower were on the street together, they maintained an unbroken silence, but as soon as they were seated *vis a vis* in a *cabinet particulier* in the great restaurant they found their tongues and chatted away together in all the exuberance of youthful glee. Count Katalowynski was a spy in the employ of the Russian government; a trained diplomatist to whom clairvoyant aid, such as that rendered by Zenophon was of priceless value. Never thinking it necessary to be on his guard when alone with the boy, and having taught him to converse fluently in Russian, he unfolded to him all his plans for extracting secrets from the wives and daughters of ministers from foreign courts and particularly for utilizing Zenophon as a discoverer of all he desired to know.

The boy's moral sense was unusually keen, he shrank from every species of dishonorable conduct. Still the fascination of the Count's presence and magnetism was so great that even after all that had transpired the previous Sunday, (and this was only Thursday,) he found himself to be enraptured with the dream admiring his master even in dishonorable enterprises, strange it is, but none the less true, that when under the spell of great beauty of person and assertiveness of will, even the purest of sensitives are likely to be entrapped even into ending themselves to crime unless they are fortified against all unhallowed influence by a strongly confirmed knowledge coupled with an intense love of abstract truth. Impersonal affection for truth is the only inflexible safeguard against falling when magnetic witcheries are putting forth their intoxicating spells.

The dinner was fit for a prince and cost \$15, though the Count only ordered one portion of each desired article and he took but one pint bottle of Widow Clicquot. The play at Madison Square delighted them both, for the stately Russian had all a boy's love of ridiculous situations, and though it was out of the season and many of the boxes and stalls were vacant, the company played their best to the intensely appreciative though unfashionable and not very large house. After the performance and a feast of delicious ices at Tortoni's, a slow walk up Broadway, brought them to the hotel Meurice, exactly at 1 A. M.

Count Katalowynski's rooms were magnificent and superbly furnished; three spacious apartments and a bathroom constituted the suite. In such an atmosphere of luxury and light and in company with the imperial master whom he idolized and who was in his most agreeable mood, it is not to be wondered at, the boy soon fell asleep to the music of such thoughts as had often allured him to the brightest spots in slumberland, where he would revel through eastern palaces and gardens and see himself Grand Vizier at a Court, where his master was absolute monarch. The softly tempered light, the faint order of pastilles burning in an antique vase on the mantelpiece, the rich draperies of the windows, and coverlets of the bed were all of oriental design and had been specially procured (*i. e.* hired) to meet the Count's fastidious requirements. These naturally lent an air of the orient to the boy's meditations on retiring; and usually, whatever may be said to the contrary by pseudo scientists, our dreams are the outgrowth of our thoughts during the day though not in the limited sense to which many people confine this admission. Exceptions it is said prove many a rule, and to this rule for dreams a singular exception was found in the case of Zenophon, who, marvelous to relate, went to sleep in a nightgown in Count Katalowynski's apartments in the Hotel Meurice at 1.30 A. M., and woke fully dressed at 9 A. M., on the lounge in Dr. Maxwell's room, at 312 Sycamore avenue, a considerable distance off.

How he got there he could not imagine, his eyes closed on the veiled splendors in the hotel, he was perfectly contented with his surroundings, but seemingly without intermission of time he awoke to the tones of the breakfast gong, sounding in Dr. Maxwell's house. As he had been an inmate of the household there for a few days, he was not at all startled, nothing was new or strange about him, only when he had descended the staircase and entered the breakfast room, to be greeted with exclamations of surprise by all present did he realize the oddity of his position. Then a sudden burst of recollection came over him, and falling at Dr. Maxwell's feet, as he had been accustomed to fall at the Count's, he imploringly solicited an explanation of so singular an occurrence. The good Doctor could only reassure him, telling him that all was well, and bid him to eat his breakfast as though nothing unusual had happened, and then accompany him into the study and seek an explanation from the unseen.

The following words were uttered through the boy's own lips, who went into a deep trance immediately he entered the Doctor's office: "The powers who have charge of this young hierophant, seeing the necessity of withdrawing him again from pernicious control, guided him in his sleep

to do the right thing. At 7:30 he was made to get out of bed and dress himself, leave the hotel like any guest going out to walk or on business; he was further guided to the key you have given him, and to proceed to your room after you had left it. Enquiry at the hotel will confirm the statement that nothing unusual occurred. Count Katalowynski is not yet up, when he discovers the boy is missing he will think he has gone to a church and will not search for him till noon, when he will begin to grow wrathful; later in the day there will be an explosion. The decisive moment has come and Azriel will assert himself and that finally. You are all going to Paris in ten days, do not be surprised, you will be summoned unexpectedly. Prof. Montemarie has written for you and you will bear from Heloise long before you get the letter." (As this chapter is already too long we must keep our readers in suspense till next week, as concerns the issue of these astounding revelations.)

(To be continued.)

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